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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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(Drawn for ONCE A WEEK by A. S. COX.)

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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A SUGGESTION FOR AN INCOME TAX.

ONCE A WEEK was the first paper, daily or weekly, to point out the absolute undesirability of an income tax in any form, or under any pretext. It is flattering to find so many of our influential contemporaries now reproducing our arguments, and putting themselves on record vigorously against the proposed measure. That is all right. We are quite willing all should share the glory of defeating a scheme which could not fail to be unpopular, because unjust, needlessly oppressive, and offensive to the American idea of the sanctity of private affairs.

We know that certain politicians are still clamoring for an income tax in some form or other. President CLEVELAND evidently wants a little bit of a tax of that nature, and so do some of his chief supporters in Congress. Very well; if they will adopt the suggestion we are about to make, we will give our undivided support and pledge ourselves to work up the proper degree of public feeling in its favor. Our plan for raising an income tax would be to confine it to the bachelors. Enumerate them, classify them by age and quality, investigate thoroughly their means and possessions, and then lay on your tax for all it is worth. Our plan would command the respect and approval of all mankind, on the ground of its perfect justness and practicability. All womankind—and especially the unmarried portion—would welcome such a measure with enthusiasm.

The reasons which make this course legitimate and in every way commendable are sufficiently numerous and cogent to cancel the few trifling objections which might be raised by those immediately concerned. Let us look at the case as it stands.

The bachelor alone, of all members of the community, enjoys all the benefits of good legislation without making any adequate return therefor. For him the roads are good, the streets are clean, the city is kept in a healthy condition, the safety of his person and property is assured, police protection overshadows him, and justice stands guard over all his interests. For these and numerous other inestimable privileges what return does he make to the State? Precious little, indeed, except in the way of money in taxes, when he is rich enough. His existence is self-centered. He does not move an eyelash to forward the public welfare or avert public disaster. He avoids political and municipal and domestic responsibility. He even basely shirks the paltry social duties which are only the fair price of the pleasures he seeks to enjoy. He grumbles if required to show the commonest courtesy to the woman of freckles and thick waist, of uncertain age and angular outline. For such enforced services he poses as a martyr in the columns of the society paper. Nothing for him but ease, irresponsibility, leisure to dress and live well, immunity from obligations and all unpleasantness, perfect and absolute liberty. His very existence is an offense to the hard-working householder, the diligent husband and father, who is the pillar and foundation of the State. Further, it is not insulting to the daughters of the land thus, by voluntary singleness, tacitly and publicly to proclaim his heartless indifference to their charms!

Tax him, therefore, we say, and thus teach him that idleness and pleasure are not to be made cheaper than honesty and industry; that proofs of public spirit claim a reward which shall be denied to his indefensible indifference to the general good.

But let the thing be done equitably, for we bear no malice to the bachelor. Our desire is that he be treated fairly. Hence we propose that the bachelor tax be duly graded, according to the gravity of the offense with which those coming under its operation are chargeable. The tax should, of course, be lightest on the youngest, beginning, say, with all who have attained their twenty-fifth year, then gradually made heavier for each twelve-month that the culprits suffer to pass over their heads without making an effort to secure their promotion. Then those who make themselves useful, socially, should be treated with more consideration than those who are never seen beyond the precincts of the club or the café. A special clause might be inserted in the wording of the law granting partial or entire immunity from taxation to bachelors able to prove that they had been jilted one or more times, evidence to this effect being taken as sufficient proof of their desire to better their own and the world's condition.

The results of a bachelor-tax would be highly beneficial to the communities adopting it. It would, first of all, be an incentive to marriage, that great institution upon which the State is built; secondly, it would bring happiness to many deserving young women, who would otherwise waste their sweetness on desert air; and, thirdly, it would be an easy and certain source of revenue, since there would always be a large number of persons, mostly well-to-do, coming under its operations.

We have by no means exhausted this fertile subject, but think we have said enough to open the eyes of legislators to the importance of our suggestion. We leave it to them to settle the ways and means by which the measure can be made law, confident that its workings will quickly justify its expediency, and win for its wise promoters the gratitude of many of the fair sex at present sighing in unblest singleness.

QUEER RUMORS FROM ROME.

THE word comes from Italy that King HUMBERT may resign, he is so sick of the botheration of governing. It would not be surprising if it proved true. HUMBERT has had no easy time of it with a succession of disagreeable Cabinet explosions; and then, the finances have become almost hopelessly muddled, while the nation seems on the point of bankruptcy, and the people are restless, with decided mutterings against the house of Savoy. Perhaps these mutterings are at the bottom of HUMBERT's desire to step aside. His good brother AMADEUS, for a while King of Spain by virtue of arrangement among the leading European powers, was so much affected by similar, though more unmistakable mutterings in Madrid, that he gracefully withdrew one fine morning and made way for his successors. AMADEUS was wiser than MAXIMILIAN under similar circumstances, and went back to his Italian dukedom before the time arrived for leaving his head behind.

The rumored intention of HUMBERT to follow the example of his royal brother raises some curious speculations as to what would follow. Would it be a republic with some daring Radical at the helm, or would it be the signal for the wise man at the Vatican to step over to the Quirinal? Who can tell? There has been a decided reactionary movement all over Italy, and late elections show considerable gains by the Church party; but—but—let us wait for further developments.

POLICY OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S Message has been received with diverse demonstrations, even from members of his own party. This is not remarkable considering the vital questions before the country—questions impossible to dodge, because to the Executive the nation looks for some speedy, if not satisfactory, solution of them. We are no longer in doubt as to what the Administration thinks about the currency and the tariff. President CLEVELAND recommends an immediate and careful consideration of the tariff bill prepared by the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and he makes sensible suggestions as to the necessity of inviting the co-operation of other great nations to digest and adopt some comprehensive plan for settling the status of silver.

From the Democratic point of view, no doubt, an adoption, without unnecessary delay, of the revised tariff recommended by Mr. WILSON's committee is the best thing that can be done. Anything is better than uncertainty for the country at large—a proposition which will be indorsed by Republican and Democrat alike. Congress should go to work on it at once, discuss its bearings on the interests of the country, and then adopt it in whole or in part, with or without modification, as may seem best to the men charged with the responsibility.

The reference President CLEVELAND makes to Hawaii, we venture to assert, is not satisfactory even to the great body of his own party. Were the question of restoring the deposed queen, and thereby forcibly overturning a *de facto* government, submitted to a popular vote, there seems to be no doubt that the President's declared policy would be condemned. What the President proposes to do would constitute a marked departure from our settled policy of non-intervention in the affairs of other nations. His position, moreover, is the more remarkable by reason of what he says in his message, when alluding to Samoa, about "the impolicy of entangling alliances with foreign powers." If it is wrong to

interfere in one case, it is wrong in another, and the fact that a former diplomatic representative of our country exceeded his powers by meddling in Hawaiian affairs, affords no justification for meddling again. The best way out of the complication is to simply disavow the unwarranted action of Minister STEVENS, and then let the people of Hawaii settle the affair among themselves.

Does any one suppose, for example, that if Mr. EGAN had openly participated in the late Chilean troubles by ordering United States marines to land and aid BALMACEDA *vi et armis* to overcome the Congressionals, and had succeeded therein, Mr. CLEVELAND would now deem it his duty to restore the old status by deposing BALMACEDA? Certainly not; and the only excuse for similar proceedings in the case of Hawaii is her weakness. Mr. CLEVELAND would place this country in the attitude of forcing an intervention in the case of a weak power, where no danger is involved, which he would not dare to attempt in the case of a power able in some way to retaliate. Is this an attitude worthy of this great country?

THE USES OF LOCUSTS.

LOCUSTS used to be regarded as a plague; but now it has been found they were only so because we did not know their uses. Mashed locusts used to be a favorite dish in the Orient, and there was a reason for that, as for all things. They are full of a yellow and limpid oil, as good as that which comes from the olive—better, perhaps, for butter can be made of it, and also medicine; for it is full of phosphorus, which MOLESCHOTT held was the basic matter of thought itself.

Their next visitation, therefore, need not be dreaded, with this knowledge of their uses. Instead of bothering how to get rid of them as a plague, they may be welcomed as a blessing, and gathered by the wagon-load and turned into butter or medicine. Try locust butter next time, and see if it is not better than oleomargarine. The pestiferous whirrers are said to yield about half an ounce of oil to the pound.

Here is a new industry presented which tariffs may not touch. And what is more important still is the fact that the locusts afford us a new brain-food that will cost very little to procure, while enabling the stupid to become smart. Let us not anticipate too much, however. We may not all become the intellectual doubles of FAWCETT, HAWTHORNE, CRAWFORD, HOWELLS, LONGFELLOW, LAMPMAN, RIVES, MOULTON or WILCOX; but we will be sure to ripen and blossom forth grandly on our locusts. At least, this is the promise held up to us by a distinguished French scientist.

MICROBES EVERYWHERE.

IF our readers are interested in small matters, they may be glad to know that the proper thing on the French boulevards is to wear gloves of white buckskin and to carry visiting-cards of aluminium—fashions which have already crossed the Atlantic and were seen in the Midway Plaisance. They are gracious, indeed, and one of them—the card business—is really important, for it has given the French Government just what it lacked—an idea. It should be known that there are microbes everywhere. The other day a French scientist analyzed a speck of dust, and it is incredible how many microbes he found in it. Even metal does not escape their visit. Rust, which we used to think was but the result of slow and spontaneous oxidation, is, it appears, due to the exclusive action of a microbe that is as happy and prolific in bronze, iron, copper and steel as fish at high-water. The dullness and blackness of silver are only microbes—nothing more. The tint which we call "oil" when referring to gold is the cholera of that metal. Put a dollar under a microscope, and, if the instrument be of the proper kind, you will find any number of little things crawling all over it. Yes, even though the dollar be of paper. On a Spanish bank-note, which had previously done good service, two gentlemen with plenty of leisure counted nineteen thousand before they fell asleep. As a consequence, last year, when the Quarantine people were disinfecting everything, they disinfected bank-notes, too, bathed them in generous solutions of acids, from which some of them (notably the Austrian and the Italian) issued nice and clean; colorless, also, with every mark obliterated—in fact, white paper. In looking about for a remedy for all this, the French Government hit on the duds of the boulevards, and hereafter Frenchmen are to have bank-notes of aluminium, which can be disinfected by being thrown in the fire and pulled out with the tongs.

THE bronze statue of Roscoe Conkling, in Madison Square, New York, was unveiled on Sunday, December 3, without the least ceremony. It is the work of J. Q. A. Ward. It represents the great Stalwart in one of his favorite attitudes when delivering a great oratorical effort.

CHINA has been for a quarter of a century a heavy buyer of American cotton goods, amounting to several million dollars annually. Exports of oil to the same country amounted during the last fiscal year to nearly four million dollars. But for our unfriendly attitude, through the inoperative and inefficient Carey Law, our foreign trade with more than three hundred million Chinese might be something enormous; for it is well known that China will never forgive England for the Opium War, and does not want very close trade relations with Russia.

THE LATEST ANARCHIST ATTEMPT IN PARIS.

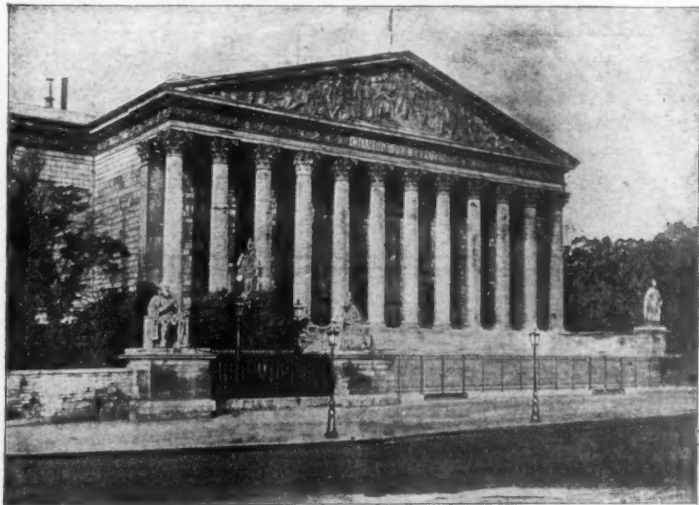
THERE seems to be a mania for bomb-throwing and dynamite explosions, intentional and otherwise. On the same day that a discovery is made here in New York of a package of dynamite in some coffee from Ousaca in Mexico some murderous wretch threw a bomb, filled with large horseshoe nails and bits of tin, from one of the galleries of the Chamber of Deputies in Paris. The bomb exploded in the air, and at last accounts the number of wounded was ascertained to be

eighty persons, among them an American lady and an Austrian lady. Had the missile exploded on the floor it is believed very many people would have been killed outright and the list of injured would have been much larger. As it was, it is little short of miraculous that so few were seriously injured. Of course a great panic followed the explosion, but the officers of the Chamber retained their heads and closed all the doors to prevent the escape of all who might have been concerned in the murderous outrage. It seems incredible that any man could have committed such a deed in a great parliamentary body without being immediately detected, and yet some forty persons were put under arrest as suspicious parties and subjected to the pumping of the police before the real party was discovered in the person of one Auguste Vaillant, a resident of Choisy le Roi. He appears to have been a man standing well with his neighbors and little suspected of complicity with Anarchist plots. "I threw the bomb intending to kill President Dupuy, but a lady near me seized my arm and spoiled my aim. I am sick of this bourgeois society." The man sitting next to the bomb-thrower was wounded. M. Dupuy, President of the Chamber of Deputies, displayed the most wonderful coolness, keeping his place without flinching, and saying to the members: "Gentlemen, the sitting continues." Casimir-Perier, the Prime Minister, also won admiration by displaying wonderful sang-froid.

Coming so soon after the Barcelona developments, the affair naturally creates very widespread consternation. People as well as governments in Europe are

to rely solely upon the foreign or upon the domestic market. The Wilson Bill puts this idea into practice, but there are occasional instances where there are deviations from the rule. I presume that these defects will be cured before the bill is reported to the House, because the whole spirit of the bill seems to be based upon fair dealing with the interests of the producer and the consumer.

The income tax is theoretically the best and practically the worst form of taxation which has ever been devised for this country. In time of peace it is not to be thought of, and will not be sustained by the intelligent judgment of the country. The proposed modification by which it will be limited to corporations is



CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

even worse than a general income tax, because it is partial in its operation, and will very decidedly interfere with the economical conduct of business.

Mr. Hewitt holds precisely the views frequently urged in the columns of this paper. As we go to press we learn that the intention is to modify the bill as originally prepared by the Ways and Means Committee, but the changes will not be very important.

AN iron girder fell fifteen stories from the top of the new Manhattan Life Insurance Company's building, 64 Broadway, New York, December 8, at 2 P.M., when the thoroughfare was crowded. A cable car had just passed as the girder reached the ground. Behind the car was a truck. The girder literally cut the horse loose from the vehicle. The driver was pitched into a crowd of spectators who were too appalled to stir. The truck was broken into very small pieces, but everybody and everything else escaped.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, was formally opened to its congregation on Sunday, December 10th. Archbishop Corrigan was present and blessed the work. It is a beautiful temple of worship—one of the finest, indeed, on the continent, and its indefatigable and able pastor, Rev. J. T. Powers, is to be congratulated on the achievement of his ambition.

BOTH the French and the Russian armies have torpedo companies whose work will be to guard the approaches to inland waters and to carry on submarine operations along the coast. French troops are located suspiciously close to the Italian frontier, and Russia is grow-

ing more and more assertive. But the war cloud is below the horizon yet.

AN effort is being made to sell the great World's Fair searchlight to the United States Government, to be used at Sandy Hook for military and other purposes. The light is one hundred and ninety-four million candle power and is the property of Schukert & Co., of Nuremberg, Germany.

MR. GLADSTONE was so ill last week that he was unable to fill an engagement at Brighton. Speaking of the two eminent personages, Hon. Chauncey Depew said recently that Pope Leo XIII. is at present enjoying better health than Mr. Gladstone.

THE Hanseatic House, Antwerp, covering eighty thousand square meters of ground, was totally destroyed on the 9th inst. by fire, involving a loss of three million five hundred thousand francs in grain and two million francs to the building.

ONE HUNDRED clergymen of New York urged their congregations on Sunday, December 10th, to aid in the movement to furnish model tenements for the poor of the metropolis.

EXPRESS MESSENGER WEAKLY tells a thrilling story of an encounter last week with a would-be train robber whom he hurled from his car near Bloomington, Ill.

A HUNTSMAN in Southern New York encountered a bear on Sunday, December 10, less than one hundred miles from the metropolis.

ANARCHISTS were prevented by the police from holding a meeting in Trafalgar Square, London, Sunday, December 10.

SUPERINTENDENT BYRNES, of New York, has just passed his thirtieth year as a police officer.

THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR.

ALL regular subscribers will receive with No. 12 of ONCE A WEEK (two weeks hence), a new novel, entitled, "BROKEN WINGS,"

BY OSSIP SCHUBIN,

the world-famous novelist of Austria. It is one of the most terrible pictures ever presented of the consequences of sin. It will compare favorably in point of execution with Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and is much more pure in tone and more elevated in sentiment than the latter.

This is an over-true and pathetic story of misfortune. No right-minded person can possibly take exception to the subject matter—a woman's sin. A delicacy of feeling, a sympathy sincere but not overdrawn, a strict adherence to truth that seems almost cruel, runs all through the narrative. The book cannot possibly do anything but good, especially since it leaves all defense or blame of the victim to the reader.

TRAINING ANIMALS.

THE most wonderful exhibition of the power of man over the savage animals is to be witnessed now every day at Tattersall's, corner of Seventh Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, where Hagenback's famous lions, tigers, panthers, bears, and bear-hounds are put through their extraordinary exercises. To view a lion ride horseback and jump over platforms like a circus rider, to see a tiger walk on a globe, and to listen to a trio of seals playing like human beings on guitars and tambourines, is something so unusual as to excite the most profound admiration. And yet this is only a small part of the nightly performance. We shall illustrate this curious and suggestive exhibition in our next number.

It is believed that the steamship *City of Alexandria* was blown up with dynamite.

EVERY saloon in Albany, N. Y., was closed on Sunday December 10.



CARHART—BROOKMAN.

A LARGE number of Brooklyn's most fashionable residents assembled in Grace Church on Wednesday noon, December 6th, to witness the marriage of Miss Marion Brookman, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Brookman, and Amory Bibles Carhart, son of George B. Carhart. The church was elaborately decorated for the occasion. The following gentlemen acted as ushers: Alexander H. Hadden, Herbert D. Robbins, J. Norman de R. Whitehouse, J. Murray Mitchell, Arthur M. Hatch and John H. Prentice. Mr. Henry E. Duncan presided at the organ and accompanied Mr. Arthur Laser in some excellent selections on the 'cello. The bride wore a gown of white satin trimmed with point lace, and a point lace veil held in place by diamond pins and coronet. Her bouquet was composed of lilies-of-the-valley and white orchids. Her sister, Miss Sadie Brookman, as maid of honor, looked charming in a gown of striped white moire and satin with corsage of white chiffon and lace, and rose-pink velvet trimmings and aigrette to match.

After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, No. 118 Remsen St., followed by a sumptuous dinner at Pinard's, at which only the intimate friends of both families were present. Mr. and Mrs. Carhart will sail for Europe on January 6.

BARBER—GORDON.

At the Church of the Ascension, West Brighton, on December 6, Miss Katharine Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Douglas Gordon, was married to Frederick Theodore Barber, M.D. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Harrower, and was followed by a large reception at the home of the bride's parents. The beautiful young bride is only seventeen years old and her husband is a popular young physician.

BEARD—FLEMING.

A pretty wedding took place in the Independent Presbyterian Church at Savannah, Ga., on the evening of December 6, when Miss Vida Fleming, of that city, was united to Mr. William K. Beard, of New York. The bride was robed in white satin with point lace trimmings, and wore a tulle veil with a spray of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. Miss Ruth Stewart, of Savannah, was maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Edith O'Driscoll, Miss Julie Lawton, of Savannah; Miss May Baughman, Richmond; Miss Johnson, Marion, B. C.; Miss Thurston, Charleston, and Miss Waite, of Baltimore. Mr. F. B. Hibbard, of New York, acted as best man. The ushers were Messrs. W. R. Leaken, George M. Gadsden, W. H. Crane, W. B. Hartridge, R. G. Fleming, Jr., and J. F. Cann, all of Savannah. Rev. Dr. L. C. Vass performed the marriage ceremony.

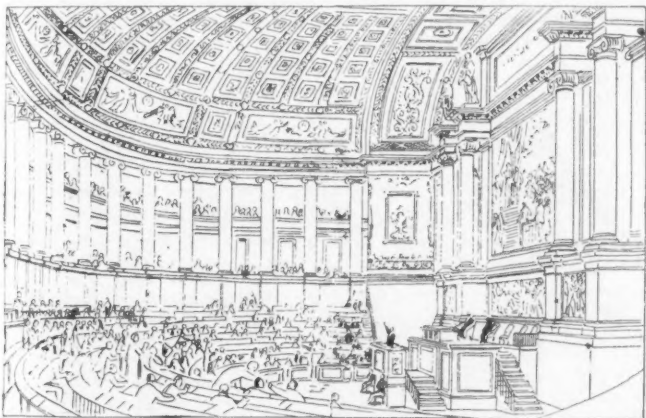
BROTHERHOOD—OLIVER.

At the residence of the bride's parents, No. 418 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, Miss Carrie Oliver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Oliver, was married, on Wednesday evening, to Mr. Percy M. Brotherhood. The bride's gown was of white satin trimmed with lace. She wore a flowing tulle veil with orange blossoms and diamond ornaments. Miss Belle Oliver, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Mr. Frank Richmond was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Homer Ladd, Frank Schaffus, Robert F. Day and John Herse.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Much interest is taken in the engagement, recently announced, of Miss Marie Stirling, a daughter of Commander Yates Stirling, U. S. N., of Baltimore, and Mr. J. Lee Teller, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Teller of New York. Miss Stirling is a renowned beauty, well known to New York society, and Mr. Teller is one of the wealthiest and most popular young men in the metropolis. The date of the marriage has not yet been fixed.

Another new engagement announced in the fashionable world is that of Miss Elizabeth Van Rensselaer, of Orange, N. J., to Mr. Arthur Amory of Boston. The mother of the prospective bride was, in her youth, a belle of New York society. Mr. Amory is a Harvard man well-known and liked in Boston.



INTERIOR OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, WHERE THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED.

(By courtesy of the N. Y. Sun.)

asking. "What next?" Paris seems to be a favorite scene for the dynamiters' exploits, for within a brief period there have been attempts at the Café Very, at the residence of the Princess de Sagan, at the residence of M. Benoît, a magistrate, at the Loban Barracks, and at 39 Rue Clichy.

THE Spanish police think they have discovered the center of Anarchist activity at Mesina de Rio Seco, an isolated town about twenty-five miles from Valladolid. Being off the line of travel, the Anarchists have sought refuge there and directed the movements of the gang throughout the country. The attention of the police was first attracted to the town by the heavy increase in mail matter from there, some of it addressed to well-known or suspected Reds. There are eighty members of the society in Mesina de Rio Seco. Documents seized there give the names of the leaders, and disclose some of their plans and immediate projects. They indicate that there is a vigorous propaganda of anarchism throughout Spain.

EX-MAYOR HEWITT in a public letter says the Wilson Tariff Bill is based upon sound principles, following recommendations made by himself in 1883 and embodied in the Democratic platform of 1884. He believes that the policy of free raw materials is the only one that can promote permanently domestic manufactures. His idea is well expressed in this extract from his letter:

Starting with free raw materials, it is easy to construct a progressive rate of taxation on manufactured products rising with the increased value placed upon them by the application of labor. A sufficient revenue can thus be raised by establishing a fair competition between foreign and domestic products. Upon such fair competition the consumer has a right to insist, and with it he will get his supplies at a lower average price than if he were compelled

ST. NICK'S WORKSHOP.

SANTA CLAUS and his workshop can now be seen up at the Lenox Lyceum, New York City. New Yorkers, not content with the multiplicity of fall shows already furnished them, demanded that a view of St. Nick and his reindeers should be among the annual New York shows.

So, although such a thing had never been heard of before—nor dreamed of by any philosophy—Santa Claus has been brought to town and placed on exhibition with his toy-shops, his workmen, and all his wonderful Christmas machinery.

The name upon the "posters" is the National Toy Exposition of Mechanical Toys. But as it comes off at holiday time and lasts up to New Year's Day, it might much more appropriately be christened The Great Santa Claus Show of '93. As might be expected when anything so unique is on the tapis, many funny things have happened, both in getting Santa Claus to the city and in arranging for the crowds that are expected to see him. And these things alone would make a very interesting book for Christmas reading. The stories are all so very odd and so entirely new! After the cabin of Santa Claus was located in the center of the Lyceum, where all the toys are, it was discovered that there must be a real Santa Claus or an interesting part of the show would have to be omitted. From the center of the cabin of the jolly old saint there arises a Christmas tree, which is the largest one in the Christendom world. Christmas trees are usually short, and are allowed to make up for their lack in height by their size around. But this tree is thirty-five feet tall, and is almost as big around as the cabin itself. It is the tallest in the world by seven good feet. The next tree in size is only twenty-eight feet high.

Well! When this monster tree was placed, over-topping the cabin, it occurred to some one that it would be interesting to get Santa Claus to climb up every minute and get the presents thereon and distribute them, or make believe distribute them, to the waiting children. And then came the question: "What will we do for a Santa Claus?"

To take St. Nick off his Christmas work would be cruel; and, besides, Santa Claus might be worn out with his labors of climbing by Christmas Day. And so things were in a sad muddle for lack of a Santa Claus. One day—the day before



THE NEW COUNTESS OF WARWICK WITH HER CHILDREN.

the Toy Show opened—there presented himself at the door a man, begging. He said he was hungry, and his wife was hungry; and as for his six children,

they had not eaten anything good for weeks.

"How would you like to be a Santa Claus?" asked the manager of the Show.

"Joke not with me," begged the man. "I am starving, and it isn't any fun at all."

"I mean what I say," said the manager. "I want a man to climb that Christmas tree once a minute for three weeks, beginning at ten in the morning and keeping it up until midnight. He must dress like Santa Claus. I will buy the clothes, and I will pay the man ten whole dollars every Saturday night until Christmas eve!"

"Done!" said the starving man. "And now give me two dollars so that I can get something for us all to eat, or you will have Santa Claus eating up the candies and the colored candles before Saturday night."

It will be a tired Santa Claus who comes down the tree for the last time the Saturday night before Christmas; but a happy one, for there will be toys and sweets for the children and a small roll of bills to stand off Jack Frost for a while—until the New Year, perhaps. Santa Claus, during the three weeks of his climbings, will have gone up and down the tree fifteen thousand one hundred and twenty times. When he leaves his job his clothes will be given to him, and, as he has no fur coat except his Santa Claus robe, you may see him roaming about the city on very cold days clad in cap, blanket and fur boots—a reminder of the St. Nick of '93.

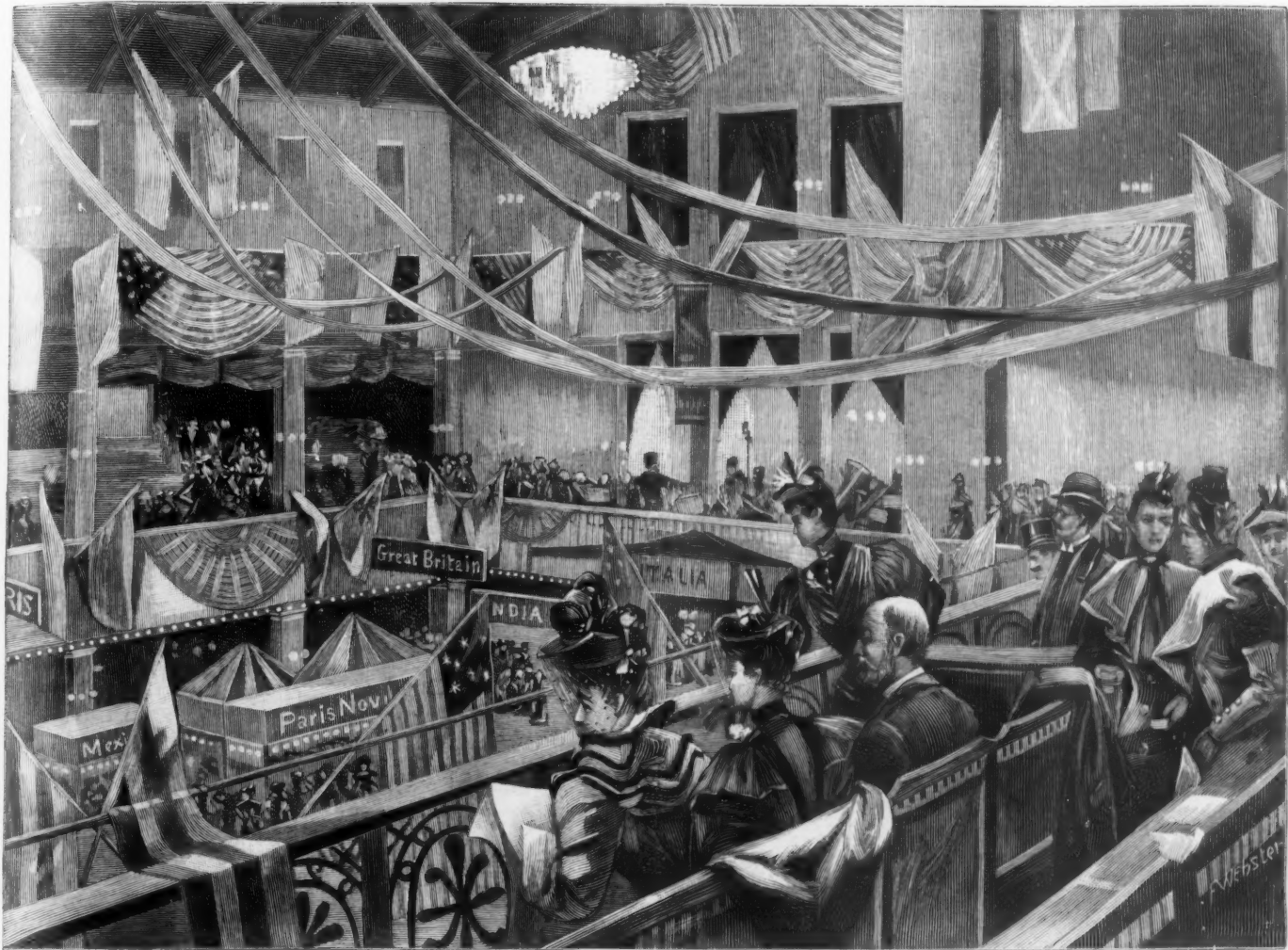
The scientific part of the Show—the part which makes it worth while for you and me to study it—is the mechanical exhibition, which is very wonderful. Snakes follow you when and where you least expect, and little animals of all kinds, frogs, toads, lizards and mice, chase you. Then there are musical chairs—like the famous one which Mrs. George Gould brought over a year ago, and dolls that simper and say "mamma;" and that, at a turn of the crank, change the tune to a fretful "Yah! Yah! Yah!"

Among the side-shows, for those who expect little from Santa Claus, there is the Theatre of the Royal Marionettes. It is managed by the Italians, and it is run like the Marionette Theatre in Venice. About thirty people, hidden up above and in the "flies," work the wires, and a regular play, with tragic and exciting dialogue, is given.

Downstairs, even while the Marionettes are holding forth, the Paper King is giving an exhibition. The Paper King is the monarch who presides over all the paper creations of Christmas. He invents the new cornucopias, and is the father of the paper dolls with wonderful



THE MECHANICAL TOY SHOW AT LENOX LYCEUM.



A SKETCH OF THE WORLD'S FAIR WINNERS' EXHIBIT IN NEW YORK.

skirts and gauzy wings. The Paper King has floats, showing in paper figures what he can do with colored paper when he tries; and while the floats are passing on their proud journey, the Paper King, with his naked hands, makes wonderful paper furniture, warranted to hold Mrs. Paper Doll and all the family.

Near the Paper Monarch stands the Magician. He plays tricks upon the audience, and gives away, at the end of each seance, silver "quarters," which, on being rubbed, become two quarters; and men and women which cannot be stood on their heads, try how you will.

At the door, those who buy tickets get a present, which the Magician will take, if so please you, and turn into any article more desired than the given one. It is thus that the Magician becomes useful and even desirable as a member of the family.

A dear little boy with his dear old grandfather went to the Toy Show opening day, and both were lost at once in its delights. The counter where a stamping-machine runs over a piece of tin and leaves a string of cut-out animals in its wake, specially attracted the little boy. He watched the girls put together the cut pieces of tin, saw the solder applied and hardened, and then had the joy of watching the young lady who paints the animals into a charming semblance of real life.

"Ain't it great! Ain't it great! Grandpa, ain't it great?" seemed about as far as his vocabulary could expand under the circumstances. Then, finding his voice: "Grandpa, buy me one."

A lovely brown horse was selected, glossy with rapid-dried enamel, and the little boy was moving along happily, when he saw the tin sheep getting their coat of wool.

"Oh, grandpa," he cried; "get some of that wool put upon my horsey."

"But wool doesn't grow upon horses," protested grandpa.

"I don't care! I don't care!" cried the boy, beginning to kick and shout with grief and rage, "I want wool on my horsey."

So a nice thick coat of white wool was put upon "horsey," and an animal was turned out which made the bogus Santa Claus off in the tree-top stop climbing for a moment to weep.

This incident is but one of the many which happen when the veil is torn aside from the plannings of Christmas; and mortal fools are permitted to rush in upon the domains hitherto sacred to angels and their associates.

But upon second thought, it isn't disappointing to have Santa Claus revealed to us, only—we must have time to get used to him and must learn how to treat him. But we will love him and his sovereign, King Christmas, just the same.

It isn't disappointing, you know, to look upon your lily plant because you saw it come from a dirty bulb. It isn't bad work eating your piece of cake, although you may have looked upon the bag of flour. And it isn't tiresome living in your brown-stone front, simply because you saw it grow from a cart-full of brown stuff and hods of dirt.

And so Santa Claus is not going to take a drop in popularity and fireside love, even though he should permit us all to take an annual peep into the windows of his Christmas workshop.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

JOHN TYNDALL, the great Irish scientist, died at his residence in Haslemere, Surrey County, England, on December 4, in the seventy-third year of his age. It was the result of a painful mistake on the part of his wife, who administered an overdose of chloral instead of sulphate of magnesia. He had been ailing for three years, and was in the habit of taking chloral and magnesia on alternate days. For this reason bottles of both were kept close at hand always on his bedroom table,



THE LATE PROF. JOHN TYNDALL.

and Mrs. Tyndall, it seems, selected the wrong bottle, giving him the usual quantity, as she thought, of the magnesia, with some ginger ale. He remarked that the magnesia had a singularly sweet taste, and his wife, swallowing a few drops from the glass, immediately realized she had made a fatal blunder, and exclaimed: "John, I have given you chloral."

He replied: "My poor darling, you have killed your husband."

Everything possible was done by physicians, who were hastily summoned; but the professor died the same evening.

Mr. Tyndall, whose right name, by the way, was Tyndale, was not, as generally supposed, an Englishman. He was a native of Leighlin Bridge, County Carlow, Ireland, and one of his ancestors, away back in 1536, was burned at the stake for translating the Bible.

ANDREW CARNEGIE and other steel kings have reduced the price of steel rails from thirty to twenty-five dollars a ton. The wages of laboring men at Homestead were reduced November 23.

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW TARIFF: "On the Free List—Skeletons and other preparations of anatomy."

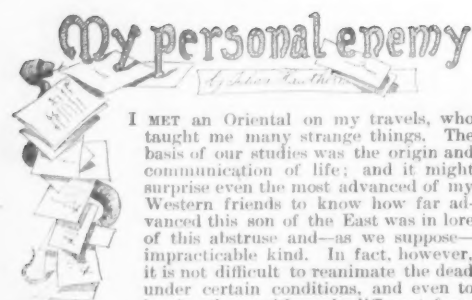


THE NEW TARIFF A BOON TO THE 400.
No family cupboard need be without its aristocratic occupant.

POWDERLY's resignation has been accepted, and new General Master Workman Sovereign of the Knights of Labor has come out of Iowa to confer with the executive board in Philadelphia and New York. Powderly was received with a grand parade and banquet on his return to Scranton. There is a rumor that he will adopt the legal profession.

ADMIRAL STANTON has arrived home from Brazil by way of Southampton, England. He says it was Peixoto's flag, not Mello's, that he saluted. He thinks Peixoto will win in the Brazilian war; but the latest advices indicate very considerable gains by the rebels.

THE codicil of John Jacob Astor's will establishing the Astor Library is in the handwriting of Washington Irving.



I MET an Oriental on my travels, who taught me many strange things. The basis of our studies was the origin and communication of life; and it might surprise even the most advanced of my Western friends to know how far advanced this son of the East was in lore of this abstruse and—as we suppose—impracticable kind. In fact, however, it is not difficult to reanimate the dead under certain conditions, and even to inspire them with souls different from those which had previously inhabited their bodies. The knowledge of certain elementary principles is all that is necessary. The trend of my thought and investigations previous to this period had, in a measure, prepared me for my Oriental's teachings; and he was kind enough to say that I showed considerable natural aptitude for these quaint researches.

Now, I had long felt (as probably others may have done) that it would be an advantage in my way through the world to be able to be in two places at once—to double my personality. This may be partially attained by the familiar device of the projection of the Astral shape, as practiced by all competent Theosophists. But partial results did not satisfy me, especially as I now saw my way to something better.

I did not confide my design to the Oriental doctor, partly because I wished to give him an agreeable surprise, and partly, perhaps, because I was not quite assured in advance of the entire success of my experiment. I have regretted, since, that I was so reticent; for doubtless his experience would have prompted him to warn me of certain contingencies, which, though obvious enough after the event, are not so readily foreseen.

My first step toward the realization of my plans was to put a certain friend of mine to death. I am aware that this may strike our Western prejudices with a shock; but when it is remembered that the power of life as well as of death was in my hands, it will be seen that the matter was of no real moment. On the other hand, he as well as I was to be the gainer by the operation. I need not linger over this introductory portion of my story. I invited him to my rooms, dosed him with a harmless poison—by harmless I mean, of course, one that would produce no actual lesions of physical structure—and in half an hour he was not only dead, but the *rigor mortis* had set in. Of course, I had not told him that I was going to kill him; he was ignorant of Oriental science, and the information would therefore only have made him uneasy. He expired very easily and quietly, and never knew that he was in another world until after he was well over the border.

The second stage of the experiment was a more difficult and delicate one; but, thanks to my skill and coolness, it succeeded. It consisted in dividing myself into two equal parts, and inserting one of these parts into his body, while retaining in my own the other. By "myself" must be understood the spiritual or animating principle which is superior to space conditions, and, like light or heat, may easily be separated from itself without losing its special qualities. Briefly, then, I now found myself dwelling in two bodies, one of them being that of my former friend. As we felt somewhat wearied by the prolonged strain upon the attention, we did no more than exchange a cordial greeting, and then turned into bed and went to sleep, the better to be prepared for the adventures of the morrow.

It was only after we had awaked, refreshed, and had begun our toilet, that I perceived certain inconveniences which had till then escaped my anticipations. In the first place, I had assumed that the moiety of myself which remained in my original body would be the ruling partner of the twin, and that his will would be the law of both. This inference was a failure in point of logic; for it turned out that my alter ego had as much of my own will as I had, and was by no means disposed to allow me control of him. My ego, in short, was no longer a single and united, but a duplex phenomenon; and the more thoroughly I was myself, the more stubbornly was I two persons, not necessarily, nor indeed often, in harmony. For it further transpired that in the division which had taken place in my animating principle, although the balance remained equal, the constituent parts of each side were by no means identical one for another. So far from it, the temperaments and natures of my two halves were in marked contrast one with the other. By a law of spiritual chemistry they were each a complete personality; but they were distinct not more in body than in character. Thus, while I had all the ardor, the heat, the impulsiveness, the enthusiasm, the recklessness which had marked me from my infancy, these traits were not controlled and modified by the intellectual prudence, the coolness, the foresight, the loyalty to order and law, and the quiet, introspective temper which education and experience had begotten in me. All these useful ingredients of the well-balanced and potent human being which I had originally been, had now been handed over to my twin self; and yet he was no less unsatisfactory, compared with our original, than I was. If I were the equator of our partnership, he was the pole, and there was no intermediate, temperate zone to modify either of us.

This unexpected result chagrined me not a little. For perfect mutual co-operation between me and my other self had been one of the prime conditions of the success of my scheme. We were to have been like the two angles at the base of a triangle; by our mutual inclinations to that base we were to have erected any kind of three-sided figure that we chose. But since unanimity of will and purpose were lacking, this object could be attained only casually or by accident. We were much more likely to be at odds than in agreement; and both of us were worse off than if the other had not existed at all.

It would take too long to enumerate all our points of difference. I was a radical, my other self was a conservative; I was a Democrat, he a Republican; I was a viveur and a rounder, he was a churchman and an ascetic; I loved to be in the fashion, he affected modera-

tion and severe simplicity in dress and manners; he was an old head on young shoulders, I was the opposite; he liked to read history and science, while my delight was in novels and the Sunday papers. These and other discrepancies, annoying and awkward enough in themselves, were rendered much more so by the fact that we were both, after all, only one person. In the midst of our bitterest differences, we could never forget this. We could not permanently dissociate ourselves, even physically, because a law superior to our divergencies compelled us to keep within each other's reach. Although, in this narrative, I distinguish between us as "I" and "he," yet this is only for the sake of clearness to the reader. In truth, I was no more one of us than I was the other. Whatever either of us did I felt to be my act, and could not help approving it as such, albeit all the while it might be something which either "he" or "I" particularly disapproved. I was each of us in turn, and also each of us at once; and when I was arrayed in hostility against myself I was fain to back both parties to the controversy. I recollect, when I was a boy, trying to play chess with myself for an opponent; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could refrain from permitting myself to take unfair advantages of myself, and profiting, in my conduct of the black pieces, by what I knew to be in my mind with regard to the white ones. So it was now, only in a much broader and deeper way.

The immediate object which I had set before myself in accomplishing the creation of my double was to make of him a condutor in prosecuting my suit with a certain young lady, whom I will call Ada. He was to be her companion when I was forced to be away from her; and was to sing my praises in her ear, and in every respect recommend me to her heart and mind in ways which modesty and custom would hinder me from doing for myself. I should have mentioned that I had not troubled myself to make the physical part of my alter ego resemble my own; we were not doubles in the bodily sense of similarity in form and feature. This might, indeed, have been managed without much trouble; but it would have been in many ways an inconvenience rather than an advantage. It would have excited remark and curiosity, and would have made it impossible for him to have seemed to act a disinterested part in extolling my virtues to others and forwarding my business and interests. I permitted him, therefore, to look very much as my dead friend did before I had helped myself to his flesh and bones; I gave him a new name—privately we addressed each other as "Tom" and "Jack," respectively—and we passed in the world as intimate friends merely. But this is by the way. As I was saying, I wanted him to begin his new life by tightening my hold upon the affections of the young lady to whom I had given my heart; and to that end I proposed to him, as soon as we were dressed and had breakfasted, to call on her with me and be introduced.

He had already annoyed me by putting on a necktie which I found it impossible to admire, by refusing to have his boots blacked, and by choosing oatmeal mush for his breakfast instead of the chop and pint of Chablis which I affected. Yet I was powerless to influence his choice in these matters, because, as I have already explained, his will was, after all, just as much my own as my own was. Indeed, I could as well write this narrative from his point of view as from my own, and make myself appear the unreasonable and objectionable one; and to tell the truth, it was only by accident that I did not do this. However, we finished breakfast; and then I proposed a cigar and a chat over the situation. He did not refuse the chat, but he absolutely declined the cigar; and in the conversation which ensued he took a high moral ground and declared that he doubted the rectitude of the course I proposed with the young lady; it was taking an unfair advantage of her, and putting him in a false light. "You forget," said he, "that I have my own self-respect to guard." The Chablis had warmed my already ardent blood, and I was in no humor to listen to his homilies; though all the while I was on his side, too, and perceived that I was lacking in a fine sense of honor and conduct. He finally agreed to accompany me to see Ada; but he refused to commit himself to any pre-arranged line of behavior toward her. "I do not know the young lady," he remarked, "and cannot engage myself to any definite course until I am able to judge what seems most proper."

I had to content myself with this, and we set forth on our adventure. I wanted to take a hack; but he insisted on walking, telling me that gentle exercise was a good hygienic measure after so gross a meal as I had been indulging myself with. To be brief—for I do not care to retail our quarrels, the rather since he always contrived to get the better of our disputes—we arrived at the dwelling of my beloved, and were admitted. I presented my other self, and was somewhat relieved to see that Tom regarded her with evident approval, which she seemed disposed to reciprocate. We were soon in the midst of an animated and agreeable conversation, in the midst of which I glanced at my watch, declared that I had just recollected an important appointment, and excused myself, adding, with a meaning look at Tom, that I would leave him to represent me in my absence. "Oh, yes, I shall make him stay to lunch," said Ada, in her pretty way. Tom returned my wink with a cold stare, and so I left them, wondering, before I had reached the door, whether I were doing the best thing, after all.

But I really did have important business elsewhere, though it was not an appointment; I wanted to see my Oriental mentor immediately and get the advice which I should have asked before. I hailed a hansom, and was driven to his lodgings. Much to my mortification, the servant told me that he had left that morning, without mentioning where he was going; but, as he had paid his bill and taken his trunks, it was to be supposed that he was not intending to return. I thought it strange that he had sent me no word of his removal, and went to my own rooms in the hope of finding there some message from him; but none had arrived. For aught I knew, he might be on his way back to India.

As I could not expect Tom back till after lunch, I was driven to the club, and wore away several hours very impatiently there. I felt that I was not myself—in truth, I was but half myself at best—and I perceived that my acquaintances noticed a change in me, which they neither understood nor found agreeable. It was in a bad humor that I finally went home, expecting to find myself reading "Epictetus," or subscribing a check to the

Newsboys' Provident Association, or some such absurdity. But on unlocking my door, I found that I had not returned yet. Where could I be? It was hardly conceivable that I could still be at Ada's, on the day of my—that is to say, of Tom's—first introduction to her. Simultaneously with the disagreeable shock which his absence caused me, and actually adding to the pain of it, came a secret sense of satisfaction, arising from the assurance that Tom was having a very good time, and was outwitting me at my own game.

In this intolerable state of mind I was compelled to spend no less than six hours; at the end of which the door opened and Tom came in, looking well satisfied with himself—he was an intolerable prig—and at the same time not in the least apologetic or ashamed so far as regarded his conduct toward me.

"Where the devil have you been all this while?" cried I.

"With Ada, of course, Jack," was his quiet reply. "And I would deem it a favor if, in future, you would leave out expletives in addressing me. They are vulgar and supererogatory."

"What have you been doing with Ada?" I went on. "Not what I told you to do, I'll be bound!"

"In the truer and higher sense I have followed your instructions," was his reply. "You wished Ada to marry you, and entrusted me with the task of showing her the expediency of such a step. I think it highly probable that she will marry you—that is, she is ready to marry your higher self, which, as I need not remind you, has found its embodiment in me."

"What!! in you!!!"

"Yes," said he, rubbing his cool, smooth hands slowly together, and regarding me with an unsympathetic smile, "with me. The credit of our partnership was in my hands, my dear Jack; and you know as well as I do that we could not afford to let it suffer by so great an injury and folly to the lady whom we love as would be involved in her marrying a rattlebrain and man-about-town like you. Every instinct of manhood and chivalry demands that she be mine; and mine, accordingly, she will be."

Rage, shame and despair on one side; serene composure and self-complacency on the other; and I was both!

"We'll see about that!" I managed to stutter out at length. "You think yourself mighty clever; perhaps you are. But you have betrayed my trust and wounded me in my tenderest part, and you must bear the consequences. You are a liar, a scoundrel and a coward; and I call upon you to prove the contrary, if you can, after the fashion in vogue among gentlemen and men of honor. I challenge you, sir, to fight me to the death the first thing to-morrow morning; and I beg to say that you would have had no chance with Ada had you not first robbed me of the qualities by means of which you sneaked into her favor."

He laughed—a slow, metallic laugh.

"Your irrationality is almost charming," said he. "You charge me with robbing you of that which you yourself forced me to accept; you accuse me of insinuating myself into the graces of a lady to whom you introduced me; you blame me for winning her, when in so doing I was but following your instructions; you call me a liar and a scoundrel, though I am yourself in your better mood, and then you demand that I act according to the dictates of a gentleman and a man of honor; and finally, you propose—what?—Suicide! You are too deliciously absurd! But, after all, it is no use my arguing with you. You will probably be the better for my complying with your idiotic request; and I cannot but wish your good, even though you compel me to benefit you in a roundabout fashion. Yes, my dear Jack, I consent to your proposal; and since the peculiar circumstances for bid our asking mutual friends to witness our proceedings, I think we cannot do better than proceed to extremities at once. Have you a pair of revolvers? Then let us stand up on either side of this table and let drive. You may give the word; and may the Lord have mercy on your silly soul!"

I liked his courage and coolness—they were the only things about him that I did like. I sprang up and got the pistols, gave him his choice and took the other. We put ourselves in position, and I had opened my mouth to count "One—Two—Three," when the door opened, and there stood my Oriental friend.

At a commanding gesture from him we lowered our weapons. We—that is, I, felt and submitted to his mastership.

"There is no need of this, my dear fellow," said he, addressing us in the singular. "You have nothing to fight about. I have just married the lady myself."

"—that is, we—gazed at him in stupefaction.

"Yes, we were married by special license this evening," he went on. "We start for Europe by to-night's steamer. You must make up your quarrel; and, to facilitate that end, I will make bold to restore you to your proper self. It was foolish in you to cut yourself up in this way, and I trust the result may be a lesson to you in the future. To know how to do things is but the beginning of wisdom; the real wisdom is to understand beforehand what will be the consequences. Go to sleep at once!" he added, with a wave of the hand which went over me like the draught of Lethe itself, "and awake an hour hence in your original condition. And so farewell!" He was gone.

I lost consciousness—both of me did. When I recovered, I saw my lately deceased friend sitting opposite to me rubbing his eyes and looking puzzled.

"By Jove! I've had the queerest dream," said he. "It's given me quite a thirst. Have you got a drop of whisky about? What time is it?"

"Time to turn in," I replied. "The rum is in the cupboard. I have been of two minds about taking a drain myself. On the whole, I think I'll join you."

IN FULL VIEW.

A thing of beauty and something to be kept in full view all the time is the Calendar for 1894 issued by the EMERSON DRUG CO., Baltimore, Md., one of the most artistic productions of the season. It is sent out to brighten many a cheery corner, in the interest of this firm's wonderful specific BROMO-SALTZ. It will serve to please the eye and taste while reminding those who suffer that there is no remedy its equal for the cure of headache, nervous disorders or stomachal derangement. It will be sent to any address on the receipt of eight cents in stamps by this company.

THE COCOANUT KING.

A TALE OF THE TROPIC SEA.



OW I got aboard is small matter here. Why I made the trip it were long to tell. I decided to go. I was of age. It is nobody's business. I went.

"Whither?" did you say, gentle reader.

I was bound from Crab Island to Porto Rico, on the little sloop *Quana*—twelve tons. It was the 16th day of November, in a blue, tropic sea.

I had twenty-seven fellow-passengers, all Spanish. I spoke only English.

The boom broke, and the sail was carried away. We could not fetch Porto Rico, but drifted helplessly into the Caribbean.

A few of us spent twenty-seven days in the Caribbean; others remained there probably longer.

Our rations gave out. We had only a goat and a puppy left, exclusive of seven persons who were deceased. Over these last there was some dispute going on below, as I surmised from the voices. I went below and sang "Home, Sweet Home," which seemed to appease all appetites for a while.

The sharks, poor creatures! had been following us for days. I thought of that eloquent passage in Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" where a man fed himself to a lioness to save her cubs. Might we not do the same? I made the proposition; it was voted down. I ordered all hands on deck. I pointed out the pilot-fish of the sharks, how pleadingly they seemed to follow. I carried my point—only, however, as it concerned the deceased. They were lifted over tenderly, which left us only the two live animals above mentioned.

Night had been regularly coming on ever since we had left Crab Island. Meanwhile, in addition to the seven, one woman, two little girls, two boys and one old man had died. I called up a pilot-fish, turned over the bodies and they were steered back—I don't know where. We had consumed all there was on board.

All my companions lay helpless on their backs at the bottom of the boat. I stayed on deck as much as possible. The waves had been increasing all the time. I thought of Park Row—the Rialto—Daly's—Thirty-third Street—my father—George Fawcett—The Lambs—my landlady—"After the Ball," and all kinds of things, when, suddenly, the little sloop was caught high and dry on the top of a huge rock.

This was on the twenty-sixth day. I went below and tried to brace up the survivors. There was no response.

'Twas night. We were going to pieces. I hallooed. No answer. I determined that, as long as big, solid rocks were furnished free, I would furnish the sand.

I stood there alone until morning broke—then the boat broke. I saw land; it was an island. We were on the semi-circular coral-reef that swept partly around it. We had been discovered. The canoes of the natives were nearing us. I went below again and told the survivors to get ready to go ashore. They wouldn't move.

This was how I happened to be on St. Andrew's Island (having lived mostly on flying-fish during the journey) on Christmas morning, 18—

I was not compelled to go into these details, nor am I impelled to say anything further about the others. I did my duty toward them as I saw it by my own lights. That is enough to say.

I commenced to take the census of the island at once, and divided it off into wards, and ran for Mayor.

I was elected. I was the only white person among the one thousand other persons. The rest were negroes, and, to my delight, they had turned out to be English-speaking Jamaica negroes.

"When does the next boat go?" I asked.

"The boats come here twice a year," my colored sergeant said.

"Only?"

"Only."

"What do they come for?"

"Cocoanuts."

"How many cocoanuts have you here?"

"The island is seven miles by four, and they grow all over."

Just at this point of the conversation I had a conception. Said I to myself, I will give an entertainment to these people to-night.

I set one hundred able-bodied men to work building a stockade, patched in the chinks with cactus-leaves, and had platform and seats made within.

There was no use in having the chinks closed: every body came.

I put myself at the entrance to take admission.

"Fifty cents," said I; "twenty-five cents for children."

The native whom I addressed—for there was a great

press behind him—elbowed his way through the crowd and soon returned with twenty-five cocoanuts.

"We have no money; only cocoanuts," he said.

I chuckled inaudibly to myself at my failure to have thought of this.

"How do you know these are worth fifty cents?"

"That is what the vessels allow; but they never pay us any money—only cans and kettles and shirts and some other things, with some canned goods."

Before the audience were seated, I had taken in fifteen thousand cocoanuts. I had them placed in the orchestra, as there was no band, in order to keep my eye on them, and gave my entertainment.

I sprang some of my oldest "gags;" but got no applause, only cocoanuts.

I asked the reason for all this apathy.

They said the things I said were too new; but they might get used to them in time, so as to do as I would like.

So I rehearsed with them every day, telling them when to applaud; and, after a month's time, I had quite a successful performance, having given the same pro-



FOR LIGHT OFFENCES THEY WERE FINED IN COCOANUTS.

gramme every night during that time. As an accentuation of their applause, they fired cocoanuts at me; but, being a baseball enthusiast, I was on to their curves, and thus made my exchequer more plentiful.

During these thirty nights—counting the rehearsals also, for which, too, I charged admission—I had amassed about nine hundred thousand cocoanuts.

I had me a coconut warehouse built, in which they were stored as fast as they were taken in at the box-office.

I began to take an interest in the people, and went about civilizing them. I taught them to collect the old cans which had been left in thousands by the ships that had been coming for years. Then, by means of fish-pots, set out near shore, red-snappers, king-fish, hog-fish and parrot-fish were caught in abundance. These I had canned in the cannery, which was now an establishment.

Over these cans, to keep them air-tight, I had placed the bark of the coconut, which was cemented around the sides hermetically by the starch from the carsarva root, which was plentiful. Then there were the barracanta and rock and lobsters and land-crabs.

We had what we called "land-crab day" once a week, when we would get together and destroy land-crabs by the thousands; they would multiply so rapidly. Before my arrival the superfluity of land-crabs were destroyed. Now they were canned. It was very hard to beat this land-crab to his hole, and so I chose only the swiftest runners for the more rapid crabs.

Added to the Mescal—a liquor very intoxicating, made from the cactus root—there had been left also a great deal of whisky by the vessel last in. This had caused many fights among the natives, who would become insane almost under the influence of the stimulant, beating themselves and their women and children unmercifully.

Thus it was that I established both a police and church system.

I was the clergyman on Sunday and the alcalde during the week, when cases were brought before me every morning.

I had guard-houses made, which could easily have been knocked down, however, by two or three unruly prisoners. To avoid this, I had stocks made, weighing several hundred pounds, which held the culprits down on their backs effectually. Light offenses would be fined in cocoanuts; there were some offenses for which the offender was kept in stocks as much as nine days.

The church phrase was equally civilizing.

I gave a little religious talk on Sunday mornings, and finally taught my congregation to sing, "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?" which it did with great pathos.

Then an 'ther hymn was this:

"I have reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches shall be mine,
Where shines unbliss (I) one blissful day,
And all my night has passed away."

At these meetings the dress was especially noticeable, though I became used to it. The women were clad in one skirt only; the men in one shirt only; and nobody wore trousers of any kind whatsoever. During the week these garments were prepared with much care.

They were starched with the glutinous carsarva root until they stood out white and stiff as a Queen Anne roof from the waists and necks of the women and men, respectively, at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

My costume was the same, which embarrassed me some when I took the pulpit platform the first Sunday. But I did not wish to stir up any feeling of caste between myself and flock, and so I abode by their fashion.

Then, too, the heat demanded something of the kind. There were no benches—not enough sitting room for the dresses and shirts. Parallel lines were formed—women and men alternating—giving a ballet effect.

The women had their kinky hair greased and smeared with carsarva starch, after which they covered their heads with flour. During service my laughter was naturally provoked by the grotesque streams of white perspiration creeping down their black, shiny faces.

But I controlled myself.

Gradually a finer spirit went abroad over the island. I then divided the land in coconut "walks" or

farms, with three, four or five trees clumped at the corner of each "walk" to designate property rights.

The trees bore monthly about sixty cocoanuts to each tree, making for the five hundred trees to each "walk" thirty thousand cocoanuts monthly. At the end of six months each "walk" had, therefore, produced one hundred and eighty thousand cocoanuts.

The natives, to sustain themselves, used three hundred and sixty cocoanuts each per month.

Thus it will be seen how these cocoanuts accumulated. For example, there were seventy thousand trees on the island, the issue from which in six months were twenty-five million two hundred thousand cocoanuts. From this I had to deduct the consumption of the one thousand natives for six months, two million one hundred and sixty thousand, leaving me twenty-three million forty thousand cocoanuts, at two and one-half cents each, five hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars.

I had gotten the island in good working shape, and had my cocoanuts and canned goods stored waiting for the vessel.

"A sail!" That was what my body-guard exclaimed one brilliant morning in June, and the populace rushed pell mell to the water-front. All hands put on their Sunday outfit and stood, stiff and conically starched, like tents along the shore. There was much excitement as the skipper landed.

He was surprised to see me.

Said I: "How are the boys in New York, cap, and what was the last quotation on cocoanuts?"

"Two and one-half cents," said he, not knowing what weighty words he spoke.

"Load 'em up," said he, and, with that, he gave orders to his crew to send the cargo of provisions ashore.

"Don't we get money for these?" said I.

"Never did," said he, "and never will."

"Lay hold on him, men," cried I, "and bring the crew ashore."

With pointed sticks they boarded the vessel, and before two hours had passed, after much bloody resistance, captain and crew were all thrown into the guardhouse and put into stocks.

"Search the vessel, men!" They did so, with myself in advance. In every corner we looked. At last we came across the money, apparently intended by the owners to be paid for the merchandise.

Thus had fraud been going on untrammelled for years and years.

I returned to the guard-house where the skipper was.

Said I: "Sir, what did you say the quotation on cocoanuts was?"

"Two and one-half cents," growled he.

"Then, sir, you owe me just five hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars, and I have counted out just that amount from the money you have aboard."

"S'death!" said he, "am I found!"

I manned the vessel with my own men, when the moral question came up to me: will it be right for me



MY COSTUME EMBARRASSED ME SOME WHEN I TOOK THE PULPIT PLATFORM.

to sail off with these cocoanuts and this money, too? They both surely do not belong to me. But I cannot leave the cocoanuts, and if I take the cocoanuts and leave the money I will be doing myself an injustice, as I shall have nothing, on my arrival in New York to show for my services on the island.

I solved it.

I brought the captain aboard and kept him there all the way back. I made him sign a paper accepting the cocoanuts for the sum of money given to me, five hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars.

The sneering reader will probably say, just here, that the vessel could not bring twenty-three million forty thousand cocoanuts.

Let him beware!

These cocoanuts must come on this vessel—no matter what anybody thinks. The author has some rights left him, as well as the reader.

And those cocoanuts came.

One of the first things I did when I got to New York was to have the money hauled uptown. Then I called on Colonel Cockerill, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Dr. Talmage, Colonel Ingersoll, Nat Goodwin, Dr. Depew, A. M. Palmer and others, and I frankly asked them all had I not acted perfectly straight all the way through in the deal.

And they all said I had.

Did I go back again?
Merrily yours, MARSHALL P. WILDER.

BEN A. WEIGH—"How did the Newweds hook up in double harness?"

HOSTETTER—"Wouldn't drive at all, together; but they go pretty well tandem, with the filly ahead."

PHRENOLOGY.
The phrenologists are right,
As it clearly doth appear:
She is stinky with her love,
And she has a little ear!—HOWARD HALL.

At Christmas-tide all plans are for either comfort or pleasure. MENIER, the world-renowned chocolate maker, through his American Agencies, offers, in this issue only, something delicious, strengthening and grateful for each member of the family; and we venture to say that no one who accepts the offer made will have "aught to regret." The enormous production of this house, 23 million pounds annually, shows the marvelous hold that this finest of beverages has in the Old World, and the thousands that tasted it at the MENIER pavilion at the World's Fair are thorough converts to its use here.

PLAYING CARDS.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.



CHRISTMAS IN ALL COUNTRIES.

(See page 14.)



On the Ocklawaha
Florida.



A Garden Party
Florida.



Midwinter in California.



A Home in Bermuda.



Coral Rock
Bermuda.



Towers of St Augustine
New and Old.



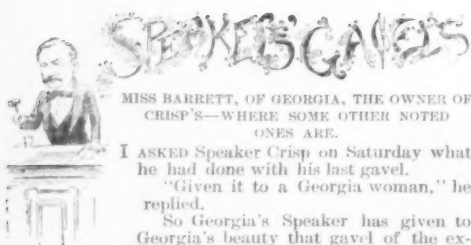
Old San Antonio Texas.
The Alamo.



Through the Pines At Lakewood N.J.

WINTER RESORTS FOR AMERICANS.

(See page 11.)



MISS BARRETT, OF GEORGIA, THE OWNER OF CRISP'S—WHERE SOME OTHER NOTED ONES ARE.

I ASKED Speaker Crisp on Saturday what he had done with his last gavel.

"Given it to a Georgia woman," he replied.

So Georgia's Speaker has given to Georgia's beauty that gavel of the extraordinary session of Congress which has just ended.

In the Speaker's room in the Capitol, after the bustle and confusion due to the passing away of one more Congress, Mr. Crisp presented his gavel to Miss Savannah Barrett of Augusta, Ga. Said Mr. Crisp:

"Miss Barrett, let me present you with the gavel which has hammered away silver, repealed the Federal Elections Law—so far as the House is concerned—and excluded the Chinese."

Miss Barrett is one of the noted belles and beauties of the Southland. The youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas C. Barrett of Augusta—whose splendid old red brick colonial house in that city has been the center for the wit and chivalry of the South ever since the war—she has been brought up in affluent elegance.

She made her debut two seasons ago, and has since been one of the notable young society women of the State; also, spending part of last season in London and being delightfully entertained in Paris by the Marchioness of Anglessey.

Miss Barrett is a tall, superbly proportioned girl, with hair and eyes as dark as midnight. She dresses in an individual, dashing way that always brings down upon her the adjective "Stunning!" She is also a notable horsewoman, sits her horse like an Arab, rides to hounds with the men, asking no quarter from them, and is frequently known to be one of the brightest spirits at a dinner-party, and then up and in the saddle at 2 A.M., dashing through the dim daylight on a fox-hunt. And the number of brushes that adorn her "den"—where the walls are filled with whips and spurs, old saddles and new bridles, various riding-boots and caps—show that she was often "in at the death." She is reckoned among the best "coach whips" of the State, driving her horses tandem as easily as a man, although she nearly drove them to her death last winter, when her horses took fright, dashed madly away, leaped a ditch and pulled her over the dashboard, dragging her for yards, while she still clung to the reins. Both arms broken, the shoulder dislocated, and a gash across the head, was the result.

And this is the girl who won the last gavel.

Who shall get the gavel? is a question of absorbing interest during the last day of Congress.

It is an unwritten law that the Speaker shall drop the gavel down after the last motion has been made with it, and 'tis then that every one makes a rush for it. Pell-mell they go, notables, visitors, pages and all. Possession, in this case, is ten-tenths of the law, and there is no one who disputes it.

Whoever gets it is the envy of all fellow-enthusiasts; but those who are left tear up the top of the Speaker's table—which is all marble but the top, which is of wood—carrying off any little splinter they can snatch up.

Many Congressmen have several of these pieces of different tables over their desks at home, labeled with the number of its Congress and the name of the Speaker who "thumped" his dictum out on it.

So, the closing day of this vital "extra session," when two continents breathlessly watched the result, a madder rush than ever was made for the Speaker's gavel. Desks, chairs, were overturned in the eagerness of the people to gain the gavel that had played so important a part in the nation's financial condition. Mr. Charles Crisp, the son of the Speaker, was the first to get it, and he gave it to his father to present to Miss Barrett.

Some of the most famed gavels are owned by public societies and State institutions, where the whole country claim them. Others are in the possession of personal friends of those who wielded them; either through being so fortunate as to catch them when they fell, or through having bought them of disinterested persons.

The first gavel of Henry Clay, the "mill boy of the Slashes"—which was simply a mallet of rough wood, and which he handled with so much force in 1811—is now carefully preserved in the Polytechnic rooms in Louisville, Ky., where the whole State prizes it.

The first gavel of Samuel J. Randall, the Pennsylvania Speaker, who gained such credit that season—1876—by his success in curtailing expenditures by enforcing a system of proportional reduction in the appropriation, is in the Historic Museum rooms of Richmond, Va. The other two gavels of the House over which he presided—for a new gavel has to be given at each session—are in the possession of his relatives in Pennsylvania.

The 1883 gavel of John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, the present Secretary of the Treasury—who refused a seat in the Senate in order to retain his leadership of the House—was caught by Henry Watterson, the other gifted Kentuckian. Mr. Watterson is editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and the gavel hangs over his desk in his office, and is one of the many historic souvenirs he has collected about him. Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Watterson are the warmest of friends, both in a personal and a party sense, and therefore it is good that the gavel should have fallen into his hands.

The two gavels that Mr. Carlisle wielded in 1885 and 1886 were caught by a friend and presented to Mrs. Carlisle. She has them tipped in metal—one with gold and one with silver—showing, evidently, that, no matter what her husband's views are, she believes in an equal standard of the metals. The pair are mounted together in a heavy oak frame, and hung in her sitting-room in her hospitable Kentucky home, where, with pardonable pride, she shows them to all her visitors.

Thomas B. Reed of Maine, Speaker of the Fifty-seventh Congress, has one of his gavels in his Portland home, and the other was caught by some unknown person. Mr. Reed, very naturally, is anxious to gain possession of it, and is now offering two hundred dollars reward for it. It is hardly possible, though, that the

person who owns it will give it up, as the very fact of such a high offer being made for it will add to its history and value.

Mr. Crisp has his two gavels of the Fifty-third Congress in his family. One was presented to Mrs. Crisp, and the other to his married daughter. Mrs. Crisp keeps hers at her rooms in the Metropolitan Hotel, in Washington, D. C., where she has lived ever since her husband has been the Speaker of the House.

Mrs. Crisp is a confirmed invalid, and stays in her rooms entirely. This is one reason that Mr. Crisp declines all social engagements, always spending every evening at home, where he reads aloud to his wife and tells her the events of the day. As the Metropolitan is the very hot-bed of Georgia politicians and journalists, the couple are rarely alone in the evening. The only amusement Mr. Crisp allows himself is the theatre, of which he is very fond; and which taste is inherited, as both his father and mother were actors of note.

HARRYDELE HALLMARK.

SOME GLIMPSES OF NEW YORK YESTERDAY

AN old resident of New York lately remarked to me that he had never known a summer in which so many familiar landmarks were being demolished as during this of 1893. Remembering (and perhaps with a pardonable effort) that I am rapidly becoming an old resident of New York myself, I could scarcely give this opinion my full assent. It seems to me that familiar landmarks have been going down at a prodigious rate of demolition for certainly a decade past. True, from what is now lower Fifth Avenue, the Belmont mansion and the Lotos Club have vanished, leaving truly pathetic voids. I have some pleasant recollections of the Lotos Club, though I have never been a member of it. Chief among these I recall a sumptuous supper given in its front upstairs room by Mr. Bronson Howard, at the completion of his fortieth year, and just after the success of his charming little domestic play, "Young Mrs. Winthrop." The company were all supposed to be Mr. Howard's "fellow-dramatists," though I am afraid he had to stretch a point in so declaring them. "The drama," as I take it, is a kind of pecuniary after-thought with nearly every man of letters, and with an immense number of men who are quite the opposite. "Why don't you write a play?" is usually asked nowadays by worldly-minded counselors of everybody who can write at all. Success as a playwright means wealth, and so we all try for it, and few of us reach the dignity of even a "first night." We do not devote years of assiduous study to the dramatic art, as Mr. Howard has done. Few of us have the leisure and the capital which years of struggle and disappointment require. And doubtless a good many of us modestly realize that, in any case, the talent needed for constructing a play which will please great hordes of modern theatre-goers must be as rare as a black pearl, if not always so precious.

Before it became the Lotos Club this brick structure, that only yesterday rose from the northeast corner of Twenty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, was the residence of the late Bradish Johnson, who afterward rented it, I have been told, for the comfortable sum of twelve thousand dollars a year. It was here that in 1873, or thereabouts, Mrs. Louis Von Hoffmann, wife of the well-known banker, gave a great ball to introduce her eldest daughter, Miss Medora Von Hoffmann, into New York society. The ball was a most brilliant affair, for the social following of the Von Hoffmanns has always been equally large and distinguished here as in Paris. At that time New York society was very different from what it has now become. Plutocracy had gained far less headway, and the claims of Knickerbocker descent were much more respected. If I were to move again through those spacious apartments, how many fair faces would beam upon me which have now forever faded! So intense and radical are the changes wrought by twenty years among the ball-givers, the ball-goers, the dainty and exclusive merry-makers of any great city like ours, that I doubt if more than ten or fifteen of the guests who then gathered in a multitude at this notably select festivity could now be seen at one of a similar kind.

For thirty-three years I lived in one house, midway between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, on Seventeenth Street. Union Square has hence always been to me a dear and memory-haunted region. I remember rolling my hoop there with my nurse as a very small boy, indeed; and often when I now pass through its commerce-girt domain I think of the almost drowsy peace that dwelt there of old. Block after block of simple brick residences met the eye on every side. The Everett House, which still stands unmolested, was the only hint of publicity that this placid quarter contained. Russell Square, in Bloomsbury, is to-day less retired, as it is less patrician, and even Berkeley or St. James's Square, still in the heart of London exclusiveness, is not more exempt from the rush of traffic. The Everett House, by the way, seemed to me, as a boy, the most towering of edifices; yet now it is comparatively a low one, with so many "sky-scraping" structures in easy reach of it. Just after its completion some unhappy man, whose name I have forgotten, but who, I believe, was financially ruined by investments and expenditures that concerned it, jumped to his death from its roof. For years of my childhood I would gaze upward toward its chimneys with a sense of dread and awe.

All along Fourteenth Street, eastward from Fifth Avenue to Broadway, the transformation has been disfiguring, indeed. Here, in generous mansions, dwelt our richest merchants, the Tilestons, the Spoffords, old Jonathan Sturges, and many others. Here were the Bronsons, the Roosevelts, the Giberts, the Tisdales, the Blatchfords, the McCurdys, all people of gracious and easy life. Here was Collector Smythe, whose three beautiful daughters reigned as belles in society. On the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue was the stately home of the Halsted, which Brewster, the carriage-maker, afterward prosaically invaded; on the southwest corner was the big, commodious home of the Van Schaicks, while next to this, in a westerly direction, nestled a small brown-stone basement house where lived for sev-

eral years a very charming and handsome lady named Mrs. Barclay. This lady's death, in the zenith of her social power and distinction, was terribly sad. She had just dressed for a drive with Major McCombe, a noted New York beau, and a man of singularly handsome presence. On a sudden, when almost at the point of leaving her own doorway, she fell dead from heart-disease. Strangely enough, this same Major McCombe died a few years later with the same suddenness, though in a manner even more painful. He was seized one morning in the Union Club, and before his friends could help him to a carriage he had breathed his last.

On the northeast corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue (as it astonishes me that so many people should now fail to know) was the fine, large, yet simple abode of Moses H. Grinnell. The Grinnells (like the Aspinwalls, Minturns, Fishes, and a few other very wealthy and cultured families) were distinctive potentates of New York fashion thirty-five years ago. It was to their co-operation, adherence and support that Mr. August Belmont first appealed when he assumed his position of *arbitrator elegantiarum*. For, in spite of all that has been affirmed to the contrary, Mr. Belmont first taught New York the refinements, niceties and suavities of foreign living. Half-humorously and yet with a certain unquestionable truth, his household was called "the royal family." It cannot be denied that for years a kind of social royalty invested this one home, differentiated from all others in the same metropolis by its throng of well-trained servants, its lavish yet tasteful appointments, its princely picture-gallery, its numerous and striking equipages. This gentleman's superb hospitalities took the town by storm, yet were extended with so much dignity and quiet grandeur as to rob them of the faintest ostentatious taint. Those who know New York at all well, know that the beginning of its actual society—in the luxurious, picturesque and transatlantic meaning of that term—dates from the period (say about the year 1854 or 1857) when Mr. Belmont purchased the Guion mansion on Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, and became an undisputed leader of mode and caste.

The Grinnell dwelling is now no more, and a huge furniture warehouse, depressingly prosperous, looms where it once stood. Yet long before such change it was turned into that famous temple of ideal dining and splendid ball-giving known as "the Fourteenth Street Delmonico's." Afterward its limits were extended by an appropriation of the adjoining house, and this movement made the entire dimension far more liberal than "Delmonico's" in its present Twenty-sixth Street locale. The café was infinitely pleasanter. One could sit there with a friend and not feel, as now, that his chair-back might be bumped against any instant by the chair-back of some rising gentleman in his rear. And then the ampler ball-room, with its "blue room" and its "red room" near at hand! What waltzes and polkas recur to me as I remember its airy magnitude! Or did the whole enchantment lie in my lost youth? It is passing strange, indeed, that so long as live roses are abloom the ashes of dead roses should ever delight us. Yet this is true, for Mnemosyne, muse of memory, wins us more and more as we wax older and wearier. And she, as all her votaries know, values the dream-light of one yesterday above the sunrise of a thousand to-morrows!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

SNOW IN NEW YORK.

It is interesting to study the transformation scene effected in New York by a heavy fall of snow. First, one is compelled to notice the æsthetic side of the event. As the vast white mantle of wondrous softness and brilliancy settles over the cold, gray flagstones and lingers on the roofs, the chimney-tops, the ledges and the bare boughs of the trees, the sordid, every-day aspect of the town vanishes, and gives place to a scene of romantic picturesqueness that wellnigh baffles description.

But in a great city like New York, where all is bustle and business, such ephemeral effects of beauty are dearly bought. The general traffic is impeded to an extent productive of great discomfort, annoyance and even disaster. The street-cars and elevated railways are crowded to their utmost capacity with people seeking shelter from the weather and escape from the clogged and treacherous pavements.

Fortunately, the "beautiful snow" rapidly resolves itself into "unbeautiful slush," which gradually goes the way of earthly things, so that within a few days after its first appearance scarcely a vestige of it remains to be seen.—(See page 12.)

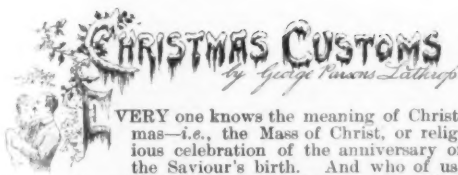
WINTER.

The winter is beginning now
To blow its trumpet loud and strong;
The pluck upon the dappled cow
Is swiftly waxing thick and long.
The duck can't go and take a swim
For fear of freezing both her feet;
The shanghai's frozen to the limb,
The air is toned with sausage meat.
The buckwheat cake is blooming sweet,
The quail is on the toast displayed;
The cabman's dancing till his feet
Strike ninety-seven in the shade.
A snow-flake dances in the air,
The land's becoming sad and gray;
The goose is hanging fat and fair
Unfeathered in the market way.
The ice man sighs for bees and buds,
The coal man's with his thanks profuse,
Then take away the summer duds
And have them dyed for winter use.
The winter's with us now, indeed,
We hear it madly snarl and roar.
And so, good friend, oh! please take heed,
This kind remonstrance, "Shut the door!"

—DANTE GABRIEL SPAGNETTI.

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.

Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 8th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.



VERY one knows the meaning of Christmas—i.e., the Mass of Christ, or religious celebration of the anniversary of the Saviour's birth. And who of us, down to the smallest "Boy who Laughs," is not familiar with the feasting, the gift-making and jollity of this merry season? Few people, though, are aware that the frolics and the social customs of this holiday time are almost wholly derived from pagan or heathen institutions. The Romans had their Saturnalia, which were holidays devoted to boisterous hilarity in honor of the mythical king Saturn, afterward deified, who was supposed to have ruled over the Golden Age, the period of universal peace and joy. These games of the Saturnalia occurred every year, beginning December 17 and lasting three days; but were afterward stretched out to seven days—which would carry them through December 24, our Christmas Eve. During that time there was a general jollification, and the usual order of life was upset. Slaves sat at table with their masters, were allowed to make fun of them, or scold them for their faults; and it was a rule that the masters should wait upon their servants, and never lose their temper at anything which was said or done to them. In short, it was "an era of good feeling" among all classes, like our Christmas. What is still more curious is that, at this season, little clay images and toys were presented by parents to their children; which caused a brisk holiday trade in these articles! In Saturnalia week nobody worked, if they could help it, except just enough "for luck."

The historians, Macrobius and Gibbon, trace this December celebration vaguely back to the Greeks, also, and to still older peoples; so that there is no knowing how early in the annals of the human race it began. The Celts and the Germans, moreover, from as far back as our knowledge goes, honored the same season with great feasts. Most heathen nations, it is said, regarded the winter solstice, which comes at this time, as the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of Nature. The old Germans, or Teutons, believed, as one writer declares, that during the twelve nights reaching from the 25th December to January 6, "they could trace the personal movements on earth of their great divinities." In this we discover, perhaps, one source of the observance of January 6, or Twelfth Night (twelve days after Christmas), which for a long time was an important popular festival, often called "Little Christmas." The Eastern Church, up to the fourth century, recognized January 6 (Twelfth Night) as the time for celebrating both the birth and the baptism of Christ; but the great majority of the civilized world has accepted December 25, as established by the Roman Church. It is well known that in Palestine, from the middle of December to the middle of February, there is a comparatively dry season between the early and the latter winter rain; during which season shepherds tended their flocks on the plain of Bethlehem. So that even half-skeptical writers admit that this might very well have been the time of the Saviour's birth, and that the shepherds might naturally have been watching there. The coincidence is interesting. All this business of pagan jubilation over the latter December days, which we have noted, seems to have been a sort of natural premonition of the true Christmas that was to come. The Church apparently encouraged the old social customs connected with that season, which had been in vogue among men from time immemorial, but gave them a new direction.

Some of the results, during the Middle Ages, were strange and grotesque. Just as, in the Roman Saturnalia, servants had been allowed for a brief period to assume authority over their employers, so it became the custom to allow the populace, on Innocent's Day (December 28), just after Christmas, to take possession of the churches and enact curious mummeries there—such as "The Feast of Fools" or Madmen, and "The Feast of the Ass." It was the same idea as the old pagan notion of abolishing distinctions and classes and setting up a temporary equality; only, in this case, it was the lay-people who pretended to take the place of the priests, very much as children nowadays often "play church," though they are not allowed to do so in the sacred edifice itself. On St. Nicholas Day, also (December 6), a "boy bishop" was in many places, both on the Continent of Europe and in England, elected by the school-children. He preached a sermon, and then, dressed in ecclesiastical robes, marched about in procession with a lot of boy attendants, also dressed up as church dignitaries, collecting pennies from house to house. All these customs were gradually abolished, as having a tendency to bring disrespect upon religion; and the foolery and masquerading were thereafter confined to civil and secular life. Thus in England, on Christmas Day, a "Lord of Misrule" was chosen to conduct the revels in castle or country-house or at court; and every one was expected to pay a sort of mock homage to him, as though he had been their sovereign. This, also, was a travesty on authority, and like the Saturnalia, reversed the position of the government and the governed.

Even at the Inns of Court, the very home of the law's dignity, and the university of law students, "a grand Christmas" was held, in which both students and law officers, with sham pomp and great glee, enacted a travesty on their own modes of legal procedure, and then partook of a costly banquet; after which they joined in a real hunt, with a pack of hounds, in their stately hall. A live fox and a live cat were let loose, chased around the hall by the hounds and killed by them, under the auspices of a mock "grand constable" and a master of the games.

The English have always been famous for distinguishing this festival with very hearty eating; so much so that the Italians have a proverbial saying about any one who is constantly occupied: "He has more business to do than English ovens have at Christmas." From England we derive mince-pies and plum-pudding. Formerly, too, the bakers there used to prepare little im-

ages of paste representing a baby, and present them to customers. These paste images were called "Yule doughs," and they strongly remind us of the little clay figures which were given to children at the Roman Saturnalia.

"Yule" was the name by which the Christmas time was long known in England. The word is of very ancient origin. Some think it came from Anglo-Saxon and Welsh terms, signifying "the beginning of December," and also "a feast." Others imagine they can follow it far back into the night of Northern paganism. Certain it is that the Northmen held high festival at this season, rejoicing at the return of the sun; and that the words "Yule" and "Yuule" seem to have been applied to it by them; and it has been surmised that these words were identical with the Celtic term *Houl*, which still, in the language of Cornwall, means "the sun." The old English custom of "the Yule log," of which we hear so much, consisted of kindling a great piece of wood on the hearth, Christmas Eve, and keeping it burning all night, together with numerous huge candles around the room, so as to make the night as bright as day. This seems to have some connection with the Norse custom of hailing the return of the sun. The Greenlanders still, to this day, celebrate a sun-feast on December 22.

Possibly the use of big Christmas candles in England at Yule-tide, simply for the purpose of keeping up a brilliant light, had something to do with the later custom which is now practiced in America and in most countries of Christendom of using many small candles on Christmas-trees. The decorating of houses with greens was an old heathen practice; and Christians were allowed to adopt it. Councils of the Church, however, forbade them to display bay leaves and green boughs at the same times when pagans did so. The evergreen finally became a distinctive badge of Christmas, and so remains in all countries which have a cold winter; while in other countries any kind of green branch may be used. The importance attached to mistletoe, or "all-heal," with its pale-green leaves and white berries, is unmistakably of Druid origin. The old Druid priests made a great pagan ceremony of "cutting the mistletoe" from the trees, about the end of the old and the beginning of the new year. They regarded it as a holy and beneficent plant, and distributed it among the people as something that would guard and protect them during the next twelvemonth. Even in quite recent times, mistletoe was carried to the altar of York Cathedral, on the eve of Christmas, and "a public, universal liberty, pardon and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people" was thereupon proclaimed.

But the only mysterious power or charm attributed to mistletoe in our day is, that if it be hung up somewhere in hall, parlor or kitchen, and a maiden happens to stand under it, any young man who finds her there may claim a kiss.

The use of green branches for adornment, and of candles for illumination, might naturally lead to combining the two in the Christmas-tree. But it will astonish many of my readers to learn that this feature of the social celebration, now the most important to us, was almost unknown until the present century, except in Germany, from whence it came. The poet Coleridge first announced it as a novelty, writing from Germany to his paper, *The Friend*. He described a custom of Christmas Eve, which "pleased and interested" him. For weeks beforehand, he says, the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money to make or buy presents for their parents. Everything is kept secret. Finally, Christmas Eve, the children light up one of the parlors, into which the parents must not go. "A great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fixed in the bough—but not so as to burn it till they are nearly consumed—and colored paper, etc., hangs from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other." Then the parents are admitted, and receive, with great surprise and joy, and even with tears of happiness, the little gifts of their children. Finally the green bough is allowed to burn, snapping, as it takes fire from the tapers. The next day—Christmas—the parents lay out on a table in "the great parlor" their presents to the children (again recalling the toys given to their children by parents at the Saturnalia).

Formerly, Coleridge writes, "these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fellow, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, personates Knecht Rupert ('the servant Rupert'). On Christmas night he goes around to every house, and says that Jesus Christ, his master, sent him thither. He then inquires for the children, and, according to the character which he hears from the parents, he gives them the intended present. Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and, in the name of his master, recommends them to use it frequently." Here, again, it is the *servant*, Rupert (as in the Saturnalia), who assumes power to punish or reward. St. Nicholas of Lycia (fourth century) was known as "the child," on account of his perfect innocence and devotion from his earliest days. He therefore became the special patron of children. In sundry convents, formerly, the "boarders," or young girls studying there, used to hang up silk stockings near the abbess's door on the eve of St. Nicholas, with a paper recommending themselves to the saint. In the morning they found their stockings filled with sweetmeats. It was probably in this way that St. Nicholas came to be considered as having a special supervision over Christmas gifts and goodies and banquets; for, although his day was December 6th—the day when the "boy bishop" was annually chosen—the general holiday feeling in the month of December made it easy for the popular mind to carry him over to December 24th and 25th. The Dutch were fond of St. Nicholas. Their name for him was "Santa Claus" (an abbreviation of Nicholas), and they brought that name with them to New Amsterdam, now New York. "Kris Kringle" is another popular name for the presiding genius of Christmas. This probably came from the German *Christ-kindlein* ("little Christ-child"). And so, as we find in some places, Santa Claus, or "Father Christmas," in snowy fur-coat, bringing gifts, in other places we meet Kris Kringle, a child, similarly costumed, and likewise bringing gifts.

Everywhere the same idea prevails. Everywhere the

old pagan celebration has been transformed, and the evergreen Christmas-tree, with its candles, irradiates the world with a new and kinder light.

IN Milder CLIMES.

THE Americans are certainly a restless people, especially those financially able to seek change of scene with the seasons. Many are to be found at their homes but a small part of the year. After the summer outings at the sea-side or mountains they return for a brief season of quietness to their city homes, until the chill of autumn reminds them of winter gayeties in store in milder climates.

Florida is a winter resort for many thousands of this class. They can be transferred from the chilling blasts of the North to its balmy climate in two days. Florida changes year by year, especially in old St. Augustine. There the contrasts between the first structures built in America and the palatial Ponce de Leon, Alcazar and Cordova, is a very marked feature.

In this land of flowers and orange-blossoms, with its mild climate, many out-door pleasures may be indulged in, and a garden-party among the orange and palm-trees is an event to be remembered. Jacksonville is the chief city of the State, and has many attractions. Embarking from there on the broad St. Johns River, we are enabled to sail southward fully one hundred and fifty miles, or stop at Palatka and embark on one of the tiny steamers and explore the mysterious Ocklawaha—a real water-lane through primeval forests of cypress, live oak and palms, with fragrant magnolias and the Spanish gray moss. Solitary and weird is the scene, enlivened only by the startled white crane or screeching birds. Now and then the alligator is seen sunning himself on the banks, in company with the curious water-turtles.

In the Florida everglades still linger a remnant of the ancient Seminoles.

The ocean trip to the Bermudas is a comparatively short one. Here England holds her sway. Her naval station adds a great deal of interest to this resort, which is comprised of five main islands, not to mention many smaller islets scattered here and there. These all reared from out of the sea by the coral insect. The vegetation is luxurious and tropical, and the climate of the finest. Easter lilies here grow to perfection in great fields, and a large business is carried on with American ports for Easter decorations. The pleasures of a Bermuda winter are many. The isles being connected with bridges, enabling the tourist to ride many miles over the finest coral rock roads.

"The glorious climate of California" is a familiar expression. In no other corner of our globe can we find more pleasures in existence. Here we are in the midst of fruits and flowers in January, with the climate just perfection.

One other ancient corner in our country is San Antonio, in Texas. The mild winter climate is well adapted to preserve the picturesque old missions built by the Mexicans before Uncle Sam annexed Texas to the Union. Here is located the historic Alamo, of David Crockett memory.

For those seeking a resort tempered by the Southern clime, but not tropical, where Jack Frost will invade, we find Lakewood, in the New Jersey pines, a popular place. The patrons of this place make a great feature of the social side of life, and fashionable gaiety is here abundant. This place of pines and sand is considered the proper one to rest in after an exhausting social season elsewhere. Here the inclosed piazza sun-bath is a substitute for the tropic warmth. (See page 9.)

ARTIFICIAL SNOW.

A VERY beautiful and interesting effect may be obtained by a simple experiment with sulphuret of carbon. This is a colorless liquid, formed by the union of sulphur and carbon. It should be handled with extreme caution, as it is highly inflammable. To produce the



effect shown in the illustration, you have but to fill a small flask with sulphuret of carbon. Pierce a hole through the center of the cork stopper. Roll up finely a piece of white paper, and pass it through the hole in the cork until the lower end touches the bottom of the flask. The upper end should project somewhat above the cork, and be cut into narrow strips like a fringe, each strip being

made to stand out well from the rest. Let the apparatus stand, and at the end of fifteen minutes you will find the cut paper covered with little particles of snow. The liquid has mounted in the paper by capillary attraction. Coming in contact with the air, its rapid evaporation causes such a sudden drop in the temperature of the air immediately surrounding it that the moisture contained in the atmosphere congeals and appears in the form of snow. This experiment may be successfully tried in mid-summer and in full sunshine. It is advisable, however, owing to the powerful and disagreeable odor of the liquid employed, to conduct the operation out-of-doors or on a window-sill.

THE American Propaganda, an outgrowth of the Chicago World's Fair, will have a portable building 240x150 feet at the World's Fair in Antwerp, which will be held from May to November, 1894. American industries and products will be advertised by the Propaganda at all international expositions hereafter. The Antwerp Exposition will be on an extensive scale.

Hard Times Made Easy.

MILLIONS of Tobacco users are puffing and spitting money and their vitality away. It can be easily, quickly, permanently stopped by using No-To-Bac, guaranteed cure for tobacco habit in every form. 100,000 cured last year. Sold by druggists. Booklet mailed free—called: "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away." Tobacco users should read it. Address, The Sterling Remedy Co., Box 1773, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. Chicago office, 45 Randolph Street.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

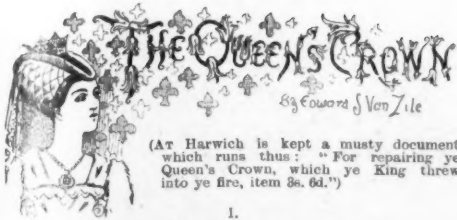
For steady nerves and good sleep use

Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no Anti-Pyrine.



NEW YORK'S WHITE MANTLE.

HOW THE METROPOLIS LOOKS AFTER A SNOW FALL.—(See page 10.)



(An Harwich is kept a musty document which runs thus: "For repairing ye Queen's Crown, which ye King threw into ye fire, item 8s. 6d.")

I.

King Edward was a gallant prince,
But had a grievous fault;
As sadly learned his gentle queen,
Philippa of Hainault.
It was at Felixstowe, their place
At Harwich on the shore,
That Ned, in very ugly mood,
At good Philippa swore,
Just what his reason may have been
'Tis now too late to state;
Enough is known for us to judge
His rage was very great.

Perhaps she'd flirted with a page,
Or had not aired the sheets,
Perhaps she'd failed to compliment
His most heroic feats;
Perhaps 'twas nothing more than that
His bile had made him mad.
N'importe! The fact has come to light,
He acted like a cad.
They keep at Harwich to this day
A goldsmith's modest score
That proves King Edward must have been
Unpleasant when he swore.

III.

It seems ye king came home one night,
And, letting loose his ire,
Hurled angrily ye Queen's bright crown
Into ye blazing fire.



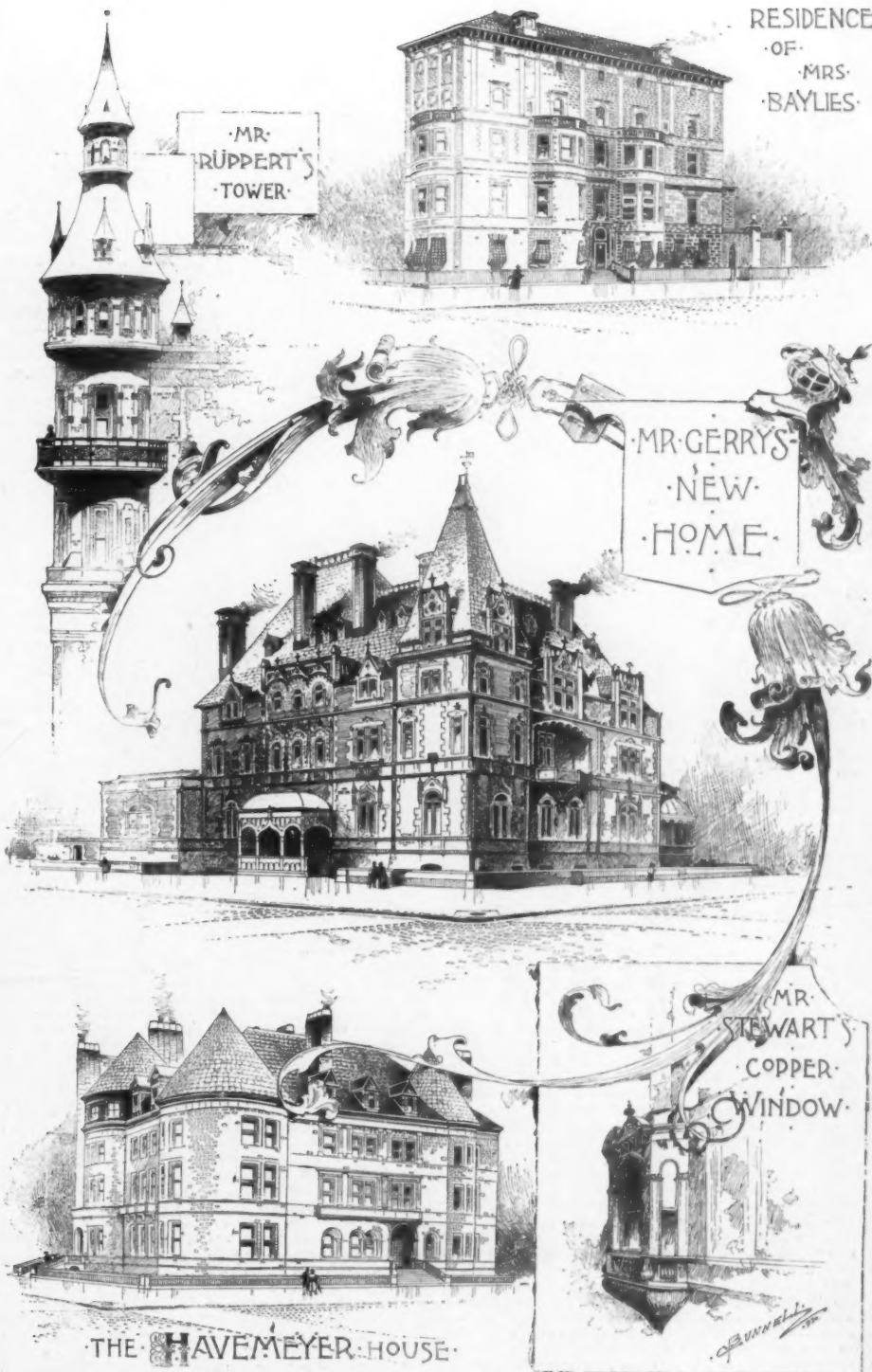
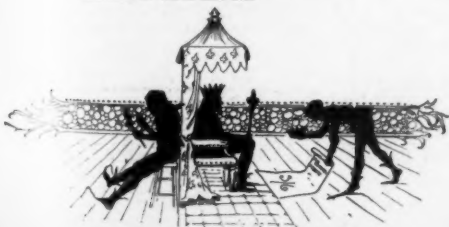
What said Philippa who can tell?
But, quickly bending down
She snatched the gleaming bauble there
And saved her melting crown.
While Edward flushed; and angrily
Flashed on her looks of spite
—A king uncrowned by temper
there,
A most unpleasant sight.

IV.

Then to the goldsmith went the crown,
And to her room the queen;
While Edward felt the rush of
shame,
And skulked away, I ween.
For surely such a mighty prince,
A warrior so bold,
Could not but blush on finding that
He'd been a common scold.
No harm was done, save to her pride—
The jeweler could fix
The diadem dismembered there
For only three and six.

V.

Of course, Philippa's woe is worth
At least one tender tear,
For what she suffered from her spouse
And in her regal gear,
But read the scroll of hist'ry, friend,
And, as your eye runs down,
The blood record of the past,
Reflect: Philippa's crown
Was saved at small expense to her
In spite of Edward's tricks—
It might have cost her head and neck
Instead of three and six.



THE HAVEMEYER HOUSE.

SOME NEW CORNER RESIDENCES ON THE AVENUE.

MR. RUPPERT's tower on Ninety-third Street and the copper window of Mr. R. L. Stewart's house, at the corner of Sixty-eighth Street, are examples of work that has led to great improvements in upper Fifth Avenue, as our illustrations show.

Mr. E. T. Gerry's new home, on the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-first Street, is a noticeable structure, from the fact that its red-tiled roof is as carefully ornamented as the main walls, and its outline reminds one of "Fontainebleau Palace;" but Mr. Gerry's house is considerably stronger, from the iron and steel employed in its construction. The interior will be of carved oak, Mexican agate, Numidian marble, bronze and Pompeian mosaics.

The Henry Havemeyer house, corner of Sixty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, is of light stone, capped by a dark tiled roof, while the top story in the north tower is entirely copper. There is no effort at superficial ornamentation; but the general appearance is very rich, and, like "Conway Castle," is suggestive of great strength.

The Mrs. N. E. Baylies house, on the corner of Seventy-first Street and Fifth Avenue, occupies a prominent position next to the Lenox Library, and is not liable to be dwarfed by any new structure likely to be built, as it is itself unusually high for a residence. Its warm, tropical tone of brick and stone is very pleasing to the eye. Its three bay-windows remind one of Boston. While the two top stories are Romanesque, the ground story windows are screened by Spanish gratings, like the windows of old "Granada," in which the "Senoritas" recline and listen to the love-songs of a modern cavalier.

A HANDY MAN AT CHICAGO.

SOME people say, and are ready to swear to it, that Major Moses P. Handy did more than any living being to make the Chicago Fair the great success it was. We don't quite know how the great feat was achieved; but accept without a doubt what was testified to by the

cream of the New York newspaper profession the other night at the Hotel Waldorf, where Major Handy was sumptuously banqueted in one of the rooms of the famous Veragus suite. The distinguished guest of the evening filled acceptably the trying position of Chief of



the Department of Publicity and Promotion at the big Fair, and earned the undying gratitude of all newspaper men. Colonel John A. Cockerill presided, and welcomed the guest in a graceful and humorous speech, which was responded to most happily by Major Handy. There were a lot of other speeches, some music, and a characteristic recitation by the inimitable Marshall P. Wilder.

FASHIONS FOR THE OLD AND HOW TO DRESS ON A RAINY DAY.

It does not seem to me quite fair that the fashion papers and drawings should persistently ignore all but young and graceful women. The matter of dress is equally important to all the members of our sex; and, indeed, those who are passing into "the serene, the yellow leaf" deserve special consideration at the hands of the autocrats of fashion. Being less keenly alert than their juniors to notice the innumerable changes of style constantly coming and going, they are apt to doubly appreciate an occasional suggestion as to what would be most suitable and becoming apparel for their declining years.

So, this week, I have been at pains to hunt out the latest novelties for the dear mothers and grandmothers, and trust the result of my search will prove satisfactory to all readers of ONCE A WEEK who come under that category.

The figure shown in No. 1 represents a lady past middle age, wearing a handsome wrap of black cloth. Good taste and elegance are eminently shown in the cut and finish of this graceful garment, which is of the approved length. The trimming consists of circular ruffles and black serpentine braid. This braid is very fashionable just now, and is used both on gowns and cloaks. The bonnet worn with this wrap is a rich confection of black velvet, lace, tips and jet ornaments; a muff of Russian Bay sable completes the very seasonable costume.

The matronly lady in No. 2 wears a dress of black Henrietta cloth, handsomely trimmed with heavy black lace insertion, and a dainty little head-dress of cream lace trimmed with heliotrope ribbon. Many women are averse to adopting the fashion of wearing caps, but I think it very improving to the appearance. It is especially desirable when the hair on the top of the head has become scanty. In England and Canada nearly all women who have passed their fiftieth year willingly adopt this badge of seniority. It lends to the entire costume a dressy effect which cannot be obtained by any other means. Caps are now worn quite small, but are composed of the richest materials. Very fine lace may be used to advantage, and one or two small knots of narrow velvet or satin ribbon will supply the necessary touch of color. Rose-pink, green and pink, pale blue and pink, heliotrope, maize and magenta are some of the shades that look best in caps, and are most universally becoming.

The cap worn by the figure in No. 3 is made of a linen handkerchief, having a light blue border edged with Valenciennes lace. The corner of the handkerchief is caught up in front in folds and fastened with a pompon of blue baby ribbon. Loops of the ribbon are also arranged round the edge of the cap, set in the double frill of lace.

These two caps, and many others of charming pattern, were seen at Madame Voss's, on Twenty-second Street.

The shawl shown in No. 2 is a soft and ample one in crocheted silk. Such an article as this would make a most acceptable present to an elderly lady. One can obtain them in a variety of colors, as also in black. The pale, silvery-gray ones are beautiful and serviceable, as they do not soil quickly. Cream ones are exquisite, but rather too dainty for common use. Brown and tan-color ones are eminently useful.

During the recent bad weather I saw so many unsuitably-dressed women that I resolved to put before my readers the urgency of looking one's best even in the most persistent downpour. Every girl should try to have a regular costume for rainy days. This applies especially to those who follow some regular occupation which compels them to go out in all weathers. But even the fortunate ones who profess idleness will often find a waterproof outfit of the greatest possible service. There are several objections to be brought against the use of a mackintosh, and many people make shift to do without them altogether; but I think, as a rule, it will be found that it is only the cheaper ones which have an unpleasant odor and are of uncomfortable weight. It is the worst possible economy to buy a low-priced mackintosh. In a very short time the seams will part and the material will rot. A really good high-priced one is, on the other hand, a life-long investment. The Hodgman Rubber Company showed me some of most desirable quality and finish, and permitted our artist to sketch the one in the illustration. It is

A Splendid Free Offer.

To every reader of this paper who is sick or ailing, we will send a free trial package of the best remedy in the world for the speedy and permanent cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, and Consumption. It costs you nothing to try this wonderful remedy, as we send it free and prepaid. It has cured thousands of the above named complaints and will cure you. Write to-day. Address: EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., 29 Park Row New York.



made of covert coating, lined with a plaid wool; but is quite light. It has an adjustable military cape, with pretty lining of changeable silk and a velvet collar. Another new style of mackintosh is made of light-weight broadcloth, in all colors, lined with either silk or wool; and others, again, are made entirely of silk. The ordinary design is the skeleton cloak, with a cape not detachable. The one in the drawing has sleeves, and may be worn without the cape. The hat on the figure is a black felt sailor, trimmed with black ribbon rosettes and a fancy buckle. Perhaps a more desirable head-gear is the mackintosh Alpine hat with velvet trimming, shown in the sketch at the top. It is admirably fitted to resist rain and wind, and is much more comfortable on the head than a hard felt sailor. My rainy-day girl wears the new rain-boots of zephyr rubber, with patent fastenings, and carries a black silk umbrella, the handle of which is Dresden, overlaid with silver deposit in a scroll design. The skirt she wears under her cloak is short all round, so as not to appear at all. Thus equipped, she is ready to brave the worst fury of the elements, and, sustained by the knowledge that she is looking well and that she will reach her destination high and dry, she is proof against the depression that settles on the draggle-tailed, limp-feathered and damp-looking females she sees hurrying by her to right and left.

Grindolen Gay

TWO USEFUL HOME-MADE GIFTS.

A VERY pretty and wholly new design for a case of shaving-paper, and one easily made, is given in the drawing. First, two plain hearts, about as long as a sheet of note-paper and proportionately broad, are cut out of rough water-color paper, for the top and bottom of the case. The top piece is painted around the edge in the conventional five-petaled flower given. Either pink or blue is pretty, and little shading is needed, as each flower is outlined with a fine tracing of gilding, and the centers are also of gold. The outer petals are then cut out, and the motto done in the center in gold letters. Tissue paper, either white or the color used for the flowers, is cut in plain heart-shape, a trifle smaller than the case, and laid evenly together until an inch thick. When these are tied in at the top of the heart-case with a jaunty bow of ribbon a really

charming and artistic trifle is complete.

A useful addition to this is a court-plaster case, as many men, when acting as their own barbers, are often their own butchers as well. The cover of this case is made to match the other in design; but is several sizes smaller and holds only one leaf of water-color paper, through which is cut little slits to hold the strips of court-plaster. A tiny pair of scissors hangs by a narrow ribbon from this, while either the motto "I heal all wounds, save those of love," or "He jests at scars who never felt a wound," will easily tell its service.

It will be found by those who embroider, but do not paint even a "little bit," that the same design carried out in white linen and wash-silks is quite as effective. The flowers are then done in the long and short stitch, and are, of course, not cut out, while the lettering comes out well when etched.



To a "man of affairs," in either the business or social world, a book of telegraph blanks lying on his writing-table in the library at home would be a treasure trove. It should be made like any book-cover, as is seen in the drawing.



First, two pieces of stiff cardboard are cut the size of the telegraph blank, and then neatly covered with chamois skin.

A lining of light-blue silk, separating these two covers about an inch, makes a fold ample for a good supply of blanks, which are held in place by straps of light-blue ribbon. The ribbon extends a little beyond the edge in two small loops, which hold a fancy pencil. The *fleur de lis* are painted on one side in light blue and outlined with gold, while on the other is done either the motto, "Dispatch is the grace of courtesy," or simply, in larger letters running across it, "Telegrams."

This is dainty enough for a place upon the inlaid *escritoire* of my lady; but the same idea is capable of being carried out with great charm in more substantial materials. Brown linen is always artistic, if used skillfully. Made up into a telegram case, with olive-green for the lining, and the cover design embroidered with the same tone, outlined with Japanese gold thread, beauty and utility will be found in happy combination.

JUDITH CARRINGTON.

SANTA CLAUS.

The illustrations appearing this week on another page graphically depict the origin and history of our ever-welcome Christmas visitor, Santa Claus.

In one panel the personality of the heathen deity Saturn, who, during the December feasts, or Saturnalias, of the ancient Romans, figured as their presiding genius, receives special attention.

Another picture shows the German Santa Claus, popularly known in that country as Kris Kringle.

Santa Claus, in France, appears as the mitred bishop, St. Nicholas. He is attended by a less genial personage, who brings along birches for the undeserving children, who lament in one corner while the saint distributes gifts to the others.

Of the several types of Santa Claus which appear in this illustration, the least familiar to American readers will be those of Spain, Russia and Italy. In the two latter countries, it will be observed, Santa Claus is represented as an old woman. This may seem odd; but the explanation is found in an ancient legend which says that, as the three Wise Men of the East were on their way to Bethlehem, they were stopped by an aged woman, who asked leave to accompany them. But she wanted time to finish a task before setting out, and so the Wise Men could not wait for her. When she was ready, she went on; but lost her way, and so did not reach Bethlehem at all. Since then she has wandered the earth in search of the Saviour child; and, loving all children, visits them once a year, on the Feast of the Epiphany, to bestow gifts. The Italians call her *Bejana*, the Russians *Baboushka*. Her personal appearance is similar, however, whether she claims Sunny Italy or Northern Russia.

The Spanish Santa Claus is, as the illustration shows, a type of Oriental potentate. This is because the Spaniards, who preserve the same legend of the old woman and the Wise Men, have selected one of the latter, whom they call Balthazar, King of Sarda, and established him at their idea of a Santa Claus. So far, the Spanish version of the legend differs from the Russian and Italian.

Rubicund Father Christmas of England and dear old Santa Claus of America have also received attention from our artist. They tell their own familiar story. (See page 8.)

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The B. & O. R. R.

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To the World's Fair

From the East

Via Washington.

Through Pullman Cars

From New York.

CHAS. O. SCULL,	C. P. CRAIG,
Gen. Pass. Agt.,	Gen. East. Pass. Agt.,
Baltimore,	415 Broadway,
Md.	New York.

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.



No Christmas is quite complete without Chocolat-Menier enters into the festivities.

Its delicious taste, well known strengthening properties, and aid to digestion make it just the present fitting the time, alike acceptable to the young housekeeper, the dyspeptic, or the aged.

That every one may get the benefit of this announcement, if your grocer hasn't it to supply you, send his name and \$4.80 and we will send a 12 pound carton (yellow wrapper), express charges prepaid.

Give address plainly and name this paper.
PARIS MENIER LONDON
96 W. Broadway, N. Y. City—59 Wabash Av., Chicago.

Fair as a Lily.

In early summer, when the loveliest flowers are in their bloom, the lily is chosen from among them as an **EMBLEM OF PURITY**.

In like manner the most casual observer can detect, amid a throng of beautiful girls, those who use

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

This matchless purifier is the only absolutely harmless agent known for removing pimples, blotches, tan, freckles and other beauty-marring blemishes from the skin, and making the complexion as fair as a lily and

RADIANT WITH BEAUTY.

This wonderful promoter of loveliness is

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Glenn's Soap will be sent by mail for 30 cts. for one cake, or 75 cts. for three cakes, by **G. N. CHITTENDEN**, Sole Proprietor, 115 Fulton Street, New York City.

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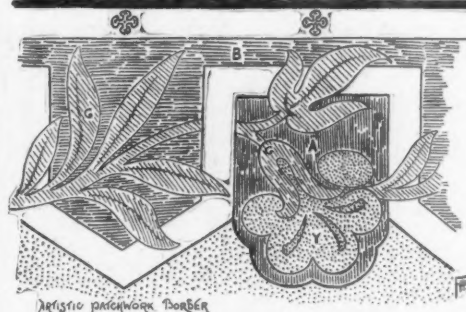
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USEFUL AND ARTISTIC PATCHWORK.

PATCHWORK" is a term that hasn't a very artistic sound about it. Our thoughts fly at once to the old grandmother coverlets of fearful and wonderful combinations. The kind of patchwork I want to interest our lady friends in is altogether of a different species, requiring no more patience, perhaps, than the old kind, but calling for a better material and a higher order of intelligence. The results, you will find, will be worthy a prominent place in the parlor, and will probably call forth many admiring remarks from visitors and friends.

Although there is no limit of the purposes to which this artistic patchwork



Artistic patchwork border

may be put, we must all begin with simple objects. Handsome portiere curtains, a covering for the back of the piano, an altar-cloth or a tea-cozy, are all within the scope of this work; but for my lesson herein I think the most useful and encouraging subject will be a mantel, or parlor shelf, border.

But before we start on a definite piece of work I must give you a few general hints on the subject that will always be useful: When all the pieces of material to be used are collected together, see how they can be best applied. For instance, the bright and varied colors may be put aside for floral patterns, while the dull pieces will be most effective for simple ornamental designs. Then we should always have a different material for ground to that of the ornament; using glossy satin or silk upon a dull ground of linen or cloth, or, if we have a satin ground, the design may be in plush or velvet. Besides the fabrics used a frame is required; and if you have no means of getting a proper iron embroidery frame, a substitute can be easily made. Get a rough wooden frame and stretch a piece of soft linen right over it and fasten with tacks. The ground material of the work can then be strained upon the linen and fastened by tacking—i.e., temporary sewing.

Now, to understand the process, let us make a daisy pattern with white heart and yellow petals to the flower, and green leaves. First draw an outline of the complete design on white paper, and then prick it through with a pin, making the holes about twelve to an inch. Rub the back with a little fine glass-paper, so that you can see through all the holes. Now take a little powdered French chalk for dark grounds and charcoal for light grounds, make a little fine muslin bag of it for "pouncing" the design with. Now lay the "pounce" (i.e., the pricked design) upon the ground, and rub it over with the pounce bag, thereby transferring the pattern on to the material. Take a black lead or a little water-color paint and mark over the pattern outline. Now pounce the design on to a piece of thin cardboard, and, after marking it over—since the design would otherwise get obliterated—cut out the pattern. Cut the leaves, the petals and then the daisy-heart separately. Now use a little strong gum or liquid glue and stick each division on the wrong side of the corresponding material; thus, the daisy-heart shape to the wrong side of a piece of yellow satin, each of the petals to that of a piece of white, and green for the leaves. The pattern of each is then cut around with scissors, leaving enough margin all round to cut in teeth; turn over and gum on the back. If we have repetitions of one design, we cut the shapes from the first set and cover them all in the same way. Before sewing to the ground press the covered pieces with a hot iron, having a piece of thin paper between the iron and satin. The complete design being already traced on the ground, we unite the pieces in their corresponding place and fix them by careful invisible sewing—that is to say, the stitches taken a little underneath the edge of the pieces. Now to complete it, put in the stems, fibers of leaves and stamen of flowers with chain stitch, and using whatever thread is most suitable for the design; but don't make the chain stitching too fine and delicate; let it be effective with the least amount of labor.

The design given for a mantel or shelf border can be easily enlarged to any required size in this manner. Divide the pattern into any number of squares; take your paper of the full size required and divide that into the same number of squares; now it is easy to draw the same portion of the design in each large square to correspond with that in each small square, and thus proceeding, a square at a time, we soon complete the large drawing. The materials and treatment I give with this pattern would make a rich and handsome border; but if a satin ground cannot be afforded, then substitute cheaper material. Remember my first hint to use a dead material on a shiny ground, and vice versa. Turn, now, to the design, and I will give my suggested color and material; if you alter the material, keep to my colors, unless you understand color harmony. That portion marked "A"

must be in soft red linen or coarse estaminé; that marked "B" in "peacock blue" of same material. Yellow satin for the division marked "Y"; sage green faille for the remainder of the design, marked "G," and, lastly, a wide piece of light gray galon for the part left plain or white. First, take the ground of yellow satin, double it (or else it must be lined at the last), and stretch it on the linen frame. Now make your pounce pattern to the satin ground hanging beneath as you please. Transfer the pattern on to thick brown paper, repeating the design the whole length of the border. Cut out the paper and paste it securely on to the satin, as a foundation for the design. Now cut out the blue portion all in one continuous piece; but make it the full width of the design—that is, covering the space where the galon gray border is going also. Sew this on to the paper foundation, which must, of course, have all the pattern showing on it. Next cut out and sew on the red scalloped notches. Now the gray border, which must be cut carefully and just cover the seam between the red and blue. Cut out the yellow satin part of the pattern, gum or glue them to the shapes as described with the daisy, and sew on; lastly, the leaves are cut out and all secured with invisible stitching. The chain stitched veins of leaves and fibers are then put in with a dark shade of the same color, and it is then ready for fixing in its place with ornamental gilt nails on the galon, or top gray edge. One more hint: If plush or velvet is used for the design, cut it the exact size of the card shapes, glue them directly on instead of turning the edge and gluing at the back, and make a wool stitch all round them to prevent fraying.
F. P.

THE SIMIAN VERSES.

We have received from many of our subscribers a correct translation of the four lines of Simian poetry attributed to Professor Garner, as published in our issue of November 25. One letter containing a translation is worthy of publication:

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

DEAR SIR—While I was looking over my paper of November 25 I noticed the monkey poem, a translation of which I inclose. It is an English rendering by one monkey of what another monkey spoke. I don't know the other monkey, though I would be glad to make his acquaintance. I hope my translation is correct, and will enable him to talk with other monkeys that walk in men's clothes. I hope this other monkey will not become intoxicated with the exuberance of his own bobolity, as I have. Here is the translation:

The monkey married the baboon's sister.
First he chased and then he kissed her;
Kissed so hard he raised a blister,
And she set up a yell.
Yours,
J. GUY WERTING.

We have received correct translations also from R. Denicke, Macon, Ga.; E. Bakeler of Biloxi, Miss.; John Creation of Eagle Pass, Tex.; John Paul of London, Canada; L. L. Neely of Grand Rapids, Ia.; C. E. B. Herrman of Gainesville, Tex.; Dr. Brannock of Richmond,

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Va.; S. C. Lindsey of Arkansas City; F. K. Farr of Lebanon, Tenn., and from others who give no names.

There are more students of Simian, evidently, than the accomplished Garner.

WHAT with chemists instead of cooks you are very apt, they say, to get poison instead of food in Paris. But during the festivities of the past week it was hard work to get even that. The restaurants were jammed, and the dishes intolerable. At the Maison Dorée, one of the crack places on the boulevards, a gentleman not long ago was making a great fuss over his meat.

"It is leather," he cried—"plain, ordinary leather."

"What did you order?" asked Aurélien Scholl, who was seated at the next table, and whom the Russian festivities had greatly bored. "Russia leather?"

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